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The MELTING of MOLLY

BY MARIA THOMPSON DAVIESS

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LEAF FIFTH—Continued.

m glad that poor Mr. Carter was tern with me about rats and things my hair, now that they are out of , for I've got lots of my own left nsequence of not wearing other les'. It clings and coils to my just any old way that looks as had spent an hour on it. That e me able to be ready to go down om in only ten minutes over the e he gave me.

stopped on next to the bottom in the wide old hall and called to turn out the light for me, as had gone.

have turned out that light lots of s, but I felt it best to let Tom me in a full light when we were e. It is well I did! At first it ned him,—and it is a compliment ny woman to stun Tom Pollard. Tom doesn't stay stunned long I only succeeded in suppressing after he had landed two es on my shoulder, one on my hair one on the back of my neck.

Molly," he said, standing off and ng at me with shining eyes, "you one lovely dream. Your shoulders flushed velvet, your cheeks are hes under cream, your eyes are absinthe and your mouth a red Come on before I get drunk ing at you." I didn't know ther I liked that or not and turned n the light quickly myself and to the gate hurriedly. Tom hed and behaved himself.

erybody in town was up to the l and everybody was nice to me. s and all. There is a bunch of ly posy girls in this town and they e all in full flower. Most of the were college boys home for va- on, and while they are a few years nger than me, I have been friends h them for always and they know l dance. I didn't even get near ugh to the wall to know it was re, though I was conscious of Aunt tle and Mrs. Johnson sitting on it one end of the room, and every e I passed them I flirted with them ll I won a smile from them both. sh I could be sure of hearing Mrs. nson tell Aunt Adeline all about it. d it was well I did come to save h Chester from a dancing death. she is as light as a feather and s on the air like thistle-down. I sorry for Tom, for when he danced h me he could see her, and when danced with her I pouted at him, over Judge Wade's arm. I y believe it was from being rattled that he asked little Pet rd to dance with him—by mistake were. After that if Pet breathed ingle strain of music out of arms I didn't see it. I knew that e expression on his face and it me feel so lonesome that I was e gracious to the judge than was tly safe. He dances just as mag- ently as he exists in life and it is nd of ceremonial to do it with him. boys all wore white flannels, and t of the men, but the judge was as ally dressed as he would have in mid-winter, and I wondered if ed could be half as distinguished ook at. I suppose my eyes must e been telling on me about how d I thought he was looking be- se he—well, I was rather relieved n one of the boys took me out of arms for a good long, swinging -step.

d how I did enjoy it all, every sin- minute of it! My heart beat time he music as if it would never tire oing so. Miss Chester and I ex- nged little laughs and scraps of versation in between times and I deeper and deeper in love with her. ry pound I have melted and frozen starved off me has brought me er to her and I just can't think t how I am going to hurt her in w days now. I put the thought me and so let myself swing out thoughtlessness with one of the . And after that I really didn't w with whom I was dancing, I n to get so intoxicated with it all. never heard musicians play better t more of the spirit of dance in music than those did tonight. had just given us the most lovely ing things, one after another, suddenly they all stopped and leader drew his bow across his vio- Never in all my life have I ever d anything like the call of that from that gipsy's strings. It hed you a signal and you felt your- follow the first strain.

t then somebody happened to take from whomever I was with and I ht the step and glided off the uni- e. The strongest arms that I had that evening—or ever—held me and dn't have to look up to see who it I don't know why I knew but I I wasn't clasped so very close to or left to float by myself an inch; s just a part of him like the arms mselves or the hand that mine ded into. And while that wonder e teased and cajoled and mocked rocked and sobbed and throbbed, d my cheek against his coat sleeve gave myself away, I didn't care bout.

ain that strange sense of some derful eternal good came to me I found myself humming Billy's "soul to keep" prayer against the or's sleeve to the tune of that e waltz. I had never danced with before, of course, but I felt as if I been doing it always, and I melted s arms as that baby had wilted s mother out in the cabin a few s earlier, and I don't see how such iness as that could stop. But a soft, entreating wail the music e to an end and there the doctor smiling down into my face with whimsical friendly smile that woke up all over.

omebody has stolen a rose from Carter garden and brought it to dance," he said with a laugh that for me alone.

o," I flashed back, "a string-bean." with that I danced off again with judge, while the doctor disappeared ugh the door, and I heard the k of his car as it whirled away. had just stopped in for a second to the fun and God had given me that waltz with him, because He w I needed something like that in life to keep for always.

This has been a happy night, in which I betrothed myself to Alfred, though he doesn't know it yet. I am going to take it as a sign that life for us is going to be brilliant and gay and full of laughter and love.

I haven't had Billy in my arms today and I don't know how I shall ever get myself to sleep if I let myself think about it. His sleep-place on my breast aches. It is a comfort to think that the great big God understands the women folk that He makes, even if they don't understand themselves.

LEAF SIXTH.

The Resurrection Razoo.

Most parties are just bunches of selfish people who go off in the corners and have good times all by themselves, but in Hillsboro, Tennessee, it is not that way. Everybody that is not invited helps the hostess get ready and have nice things for the others, and sometimes I think they really have the best time of all.

This morning Aunt Bettie came up my front steps before breakfast with a large basketful of things for my dinner and I wondered what I would have collected to be served to those people by the time all my neighbors had made their prize contributions. It took Aunt Bettie and Judy a half hour to unpack her things and set them in the refrigerator and on the pantry shelves. One was a plump fruit cake that had been keeping company in a tight box with a sponge soaked in sherry for ever since New Year's. It was ripe, or smelled so. It made me gnaw under my belt.

A little later Judy was exclaiming over a two-year-old ham that had been simmered in port and larded with egg dressing, when Mrs. Johnson came in and began to unpack her basket, which was mostly bottles of things she said she used to "stick" food. The ginger colored barber got the run of them before the dinner was over and got badly stuck, so Judy says. That's what made him make the mistake.

I had planned to have a lot of strange food and had ordered some things up from a caterer in the city, but I telephoned the express man not to deliver them until the next day, even if they did spoil. How could I use soft shelled crabs when Mrs. Wade had sent me word that she was going to bake some brook trout by a recipe of the judge's grandmother's? Mrs. Hampton Buford had let me know about two fat little summer turkeys she was going to stuff with corn-pone and green sage, and fillet mignon seemed foolish eating beside them. But when the little bit of a baby pig, roasted whole with an apple in its mouth, looking too frisky and innocent for worlds with his little baked tail curled up in the air, arrived from Mrs. Caruthers Cain, I went out into the garden and laughed for having spent money for lobsters, to be shipped alive and to be served broiled in their own shells.

When I got back in the kitchen things were well under way, everything smelling grand, and Aunt Bettie in full swing matching up my dinner guests.

"Nobody in this town could suit me better than Pet Buford for a daughter-in-law and I believe I'll have all the east rooms done over in blue chintz for her. I think that would be the best thing to set off her blue eyes and corn silk hair," she was saying as she cut orange peel into strips.

"You've planned the refurnishing of that east wing to suit the style of nearly every girl in Hillsboro since Tom put on long trousers, Bettie Pollard, and they are just as they have been for 15 years since you did over the whole house," said Mrs. Johnson, as she poured a wine glass half full from one bottle and added a tablespoonful from another.

"Well, I think he is really interested now from the way he danced most of his time with her down at the hotel the other night, and I shave hopes I

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

FOR THE FOLKS BACK HOME

THE immigrants do not always find this country quite the El Dorado they counted upon finding when they sailed away from home. But they have yet found things which make those who stay at home think that America is truly an El Dorado. They have found the money with which to buy and send back presents, money to put into money orders, money to have the brothers and sisters and cousins add to their own until they, too, can come over.

The vessels carrying the Christmas mail will this year have to use all the room set aside for mail, and more too. The Olympic which sailed from New York the other day, took away the largest Christmas burden of letters and packages that has ever been carried by one vessel. It is reckoned not in bags, but in tons, and it required many hours to load and stow away. Every vessel sailing that will reach Europe before Christmas day will carry extra loads of mail and parcels. It is estimated that the money orders made out to the relatives of immigrants will reach hundreds of thousands of dollars.

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The Presidency: Making an Old Party Progressive

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THE American public rarely appreciates the high quality of the work done by some of our diplomats—work, usually entirely unnoticed and unrewarded, which redounds to the interest and the honor of all of us. The most useful man in the entire diplomatic service, during my presidency, and for many years before, was Henry White; and I say this having in mind the high quality of work done by such admirable ambassadors and ministers as Bacon, Meyer, Straus, O'Brien, Rockhill, and Egan, to name only a few among many. When I left the presidency, White was ambassador to France; shortly afterwards he was removed by Mr. Taft, for reasons unconnected with the good of the service.

Broadening Use of Executive Power.

The most important factor in getting the right spirit in my administration, next to the insistence upon courage, honesty and a genuine democracy of desire to serve the plain people, was my insistence upon the theory that the executive power was limited only by specific restrictions and prohibitions appearing in the constitution or imposed by the congress under its constitutional powers. My view was that every executive officer, and above all every executive officer in high position, was a steward of the people bound actively and affirmatively to do all he could for the people, and not to content himself with the negative merit of keeping his talents undamaged in a napkin. I declined to adopt the view that what was imperatively necessary for the nation could not be done by the President unless he could find some specific authorization to do it. My belief was that it was not only his right but his duty to do anything that the needs of the nation demanded unless such action was forbidden by the constitution or by the laws. Under this interpretation of executive power I did and caused to be done many things not previously done by the President and the heads of the departments. I did not usurp power, but I did greatly broaden the use of executive power. In other words, I acted for the public welfare, I acted for the common well-being of all our people, whenever and in whatever manner was necessary, unless prevented by direct constitutional or legislative prohibition.

Not Form but Substance.

I did not care a rap for the mere form and show of power; I cared immensely for the use that could be made of the substance. The senate at one time objected to my communicating with them in printing, preferring the expensive, foolish, and laborious practice of writing out the messages by hand. It was not possible to return to the outworn archaism of handwriting; but we endeavored to have the printing made as pretty as possible. Whether I communicated with the congress in writing or by word of mouth, and whether the writing was by a machine or a pen, were equally, and absolutely unimportant matters. The importance lay in what I said and in the heed paid to what I said. So as to my meeting and consulting senators, congressmen, politicians, financiers and labor men. I consulted all who wished to see me; and if I wished to see any one, I sent for him; and where the consultation took place was a matter of supreme unimportance. I consulted every man with the sincere hope that I could profit by and follow his advice; I consulted every member of congress who wished to be consulted, hoping to be able to come to an agreement of action with him; and I always finally acted as my conscience and common sense bade me act.

About Appointments.

About appointments I was obliged by the constitution to consult the senate; and the long-established custom of the senate meant that in practice this consultation was with individual senators and even with big politicians who stood behind the senators. I was only one-half the appointing power; I nominated, but the senate confirmed. In practice, by what was called "the courtesy of the senate," the senate normally refused to confirm any appointment if the senator from the state objected to it. In exceptional cases, where I could arouse public attention, I could force through the appointment in spite of the opposition of the senators; in all ordinary cases this was impossible. On the other hand, the senator could of course do nothing for any man unless I chose to nominate him. In consequence the constitution itself forced the President and the senators from each state to come to a working agreement on the appointments in and from that state.

My course was to insist on absolute fitness, including honesty, as a prerequisite to every appointment; and to remove only for good cause, and where there was such cause, to refuse even to discuss with the senator in interest the unfit servant's retention. Subject to these considerations, I normally accepted each senator's recommendations for offices of a routine kind, such as most postoffices and the like, but insisted on myself choosing the men for the more important positions. I was willing to take any good man for postmaster; but in the case of a judge or district attorney or canal commissioner or ambassador, I was apt to insist either on a given man or else on any man with a given class of qualifications. If the senator deceived me, I took care that he had no opportunity to repeat the deception.

Two Cases in Point.

I can perhaps best illustrate my theory of action by two specific examples. In New York Governor Odell and Senator Platt sometimes worked in agreement and sometimes were at swords' points, and both wished to be consulted. To a friendly congressman, who was also their friend, I wrote as follows on July 22, 1903:

"I want to work with Platt. I want to work with Odell. I want to support both and take the advice of both. But of course ultimately I must be the judge as to acting on the advice given. When, as in the case of the judgeship, I am convinced that the advice of both is wrong, I shall act as I did when I appointed Holt. When I can find a friend of Odell's like Cooley who is thoroughly fit for the position I desire to fill, it gives me the greatest pleasure to appoint him. When Platt proposes to me a man like Hamilton Fish, it is equally a pleasure to appoint him."

This was written in connection with events which led up to my refusing to accept Senator Platt's or Governor Odell's suggestions as to a federal judgeship and a federal district attorneyship, and insisting on the appointment first of Judge Hough and later of District Attorney Stimson; because in each case I felt that the work to be done was of so high an order that I could not take an ordinary man.

The other case was that of Senator Fulton, of Oregon. Through Francis Heney I was prosecuting men who were implicated in a vast network of conspiracy against the law in connection with the theft of public land in Oregon. I had been acting on Senator Fulton's recommendations for office, in the usual manner. Heney had been insisting that Fulton was in league with the men we were prosecuting, and that he had recommended unfit men. Fulton had been protesting against my following Heney's advice, particularly as regards appointing Judge Wolverton as United States judge. Finally Heney laid before me a report which convinced me of the truth of his statements. I then wrote to Fulton as follows, on November 20, 1905: "My dear Senator Fulton: I inclose you herewith a copy of the report made to me by Mr. Heney. I have seen the originals of the letters from you and Senator Mitchell quoted therein. I do not at this time desire to discuss the report itself, which of course I must submit to the attorney-general. But I have been obliged to reach the painful conclusion that your own letters as therein quoted tend to show that you recommended for the position of district attorney B when you had good reason to believe that he had himself been guilty of fraudulent conduct; that you recommended C for the same position simply because it was for B's interest that he should be so recommended, and, as there is reason to believe, because he had agreed to divide the fees with B if he were appointed; and that you finally recommended the reappointment of H with tht knowledge that if H were appointed he would abstain from prosecuting B for criminal misconduct, this being why B advocated H's claims for reappointment. If you care to make any statement in the matter, I shall of course be glad to hear it. As the district judge of Oregon I shall appoint Judge Wolverton." In the letter I of course gave in full the name indicated above by initials. Senator Fulton gave no explanation. I therefore ceased to consult him about appointments under the department of justice and the interior, the two departments in which the crookedness had occurred—there was no question of crookedness in the other offices in the State, and they could be handled in the ordinary manner. Legal proceedings were undertaken against his colleague in the senate, and one of his colleagues in the lower house, and the former was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary.

Tests of Legality.

In a number of instances the legality of executive acts of my administration was brought before the courts. They were uniformly sustained. For example, prior to 1907 statutes relating to the disposition of coal lands had been construed as fixing the flat price at $10 to $20 per acre. The result was that valuable coal lands were sold for wholly inadequate prices, chiefly to big corporations. By executive order the coal lands were withdrawn and not open for entry until proper classification was placed thereon by government agents. There was a great clamor that I was usurping legislative power; but the acts were not assailed in court until we brought suits to set aside entries made by persons and associations to obtain larger areas than the statutes authorized. This position was opposed on the ground that the restrictions imposed were illegal; that the executive orders were illegal. The supreme court sustained the government. In the same way our attitude in the water power question was sustained, the supreme court holding that the federal government had the rights we claimed over streams that are or may be declared navigable by congress. Again, when Oklahoma became a state we were obliged to use the executive power to protect Indian rights and property, for there had been an enormous amount of fraud in the obtaining of Indian lands by white men. Here we were denounced as usurping power over a state as well as usurping power that did not belong to the executive. The supreme court sustained our action.

Protecting the Indians.

In connection with the Indians, by the way, it was again and again necessary to assert the position of the President as steward of the whole people. I had a capital Indian commissioner, Francis E Leupp. I found that I could rely on his judgment not to get me into fights that were unnecessary, and therefore I always backed him to the limit when he told me that a fight was necessary. On one occasion, for example, congress passed a bill to sell to settlers about half a million acres of Indian land in Oklahoma at one and a half dollars an acre. I refused to sign it, and turned the matter over to Leupp. The bill was accordingly withdrawn, amended so as to safeguard the welfare of the Indians, and the minimum price raised to five dollars an acre. Then I signed the bill. We sold that land under sealed bids, and realized for the Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indians more than four million dollars—three millions and a quarter more than they would have obtained if I had signed the bill in its original form. In another case, where there had been a division among the Sac and Fox Indians, part of the trible removing to Iowa, the Iowa delegation in congress, backed by two Iowans who were members of my cabinet, passed a bill awarding a sum of nearly a half million dollars to the Iowa seceders. They had not consulted the Indian bureau. Leupp protested against the bill, and I vetoed it. A subsequent bill was passed on the lines laid down by the Indian bureau, referring the whole controversy to the courts, and the supreme court in the end justified our position by deciding against the Iowa seceders and awarding the money to the Oklahoma stay-at-homes.

As to all action of this kind there have long been two schools of political thought, upheld with equal sincerity. The division has not normally been along political, but temperamental lines. The course I followed, of regarding the executive as subject only to the people, and, under the constitution, bound to serve the people affirmatively in cases where the constitution does not explicity forbid him to render the service, was substantially the course followed by both Andrew Jackson and Abraham Lincoln. Other honorable and well meaning Presidents such as James Buchanan, took the opposite view, and it seems to me, narrowly legalistic view that the President is the servant of congress rather than of the people, can do nothing, no matter how necessary it be to act, unless the constitution, explicitly commands the action. Most able lawyers who are past middle age take this view, and so do large numbers of well meaning, respectable citizens. My successor in office took this, the Buchanan, view of the President's powers and duties.

Protecting the Public Domain.

For example, under my administration we found that one of the favorite methods adopted by men desirous of stealing the public domain was to carry the decision of the secretary of the interior into court. By vigorously opposing such action, and only by so doing, we were able to carry out the policy of properly protecting the public domain. My successor not only took the opposite view, but recommended to congress the passage of a bill which would have given the courts direct appellate power over the secretary of the interior in these land matters. This bill was reported favorably by Mr. Mondell, chairman of the house committee on public lands, a congressman who took the lead in every measure to prevent the conservation of our natural resources and the preservation of the national domain for the use of home seekers. Fortunately, congress declined to pass the bill. Its passage would have been a veritable calamity.

I acted on the theory that the President could at any time in his discretion withdraw from entry any of the public lands of the United States and reserve the same for forestry, for water power sites, for irrigation, and other public purposes. Without such action it would have been impossible to stop the activity of the land thieves. No one ventured to test its legality by lawsuit. My successor, however, himself questioned it, and referred the matter to congress. Again congress showed its wisdom by passing a law which gave the President the power which he had long exercised, and of which my successor had shorn himself.

The Ballinger Case.

Perhaps the sharp difference between what may be called the Lincoln-Jackson and the Buchanan-Taft schools, in their views of the power and duties of the President, may be best illustrated by comparing the attitude of my successor toward his secretary of the interior, Mr. Ballinger, when the latter was accused of gross misconduct in office, with my attitude towards my chiefs of department and other subordinate officers. More than once while I was President my officials were attacked by congress, generally because these officials did their duty well and fearlessly. In every such case I stood by the official and refused to recognize the right of congress to interfere with me excepting by impeachment or in other constitutional manner. On the other hand, wherever I found the officer unfit for his position I promptly removed him, even although the most influential men in congress fought for his retention. The Jackson-Lincoln view is that a President who is fit to do good work should be able to form his own judgment as to his own subordinates, and, above all, of the subordinates standing highest and in closest and most intimate touch with him. My secretaries and their subordinates were responsible to me, and I accepted the responsibility for all their deeds. As long as they were satisfactory to me I stood by them against every critic or assailant, within or without congress; and as for getting congress to make up my mind for me about them, the thought would have been inconceivable to me. My successor took the opposite, or Buchanan, view when he permitted and requested congress to pass judgment on the charges made against Mr. Ballinger as an executive officer. These charges were made to the President; the President had the facts before him and could get at them at any time, and he alone had power to act if the charges were true. However, he permitted and requested congress to investigate Mr. Ballinger. The party minority of the committee that investigated him, and one member of the majority, declared that the charges were well founded and that Mr. Ballinger should be removed. The other members of the majority declared the charges ill founded. The President abode by the view of the majority. Of course believers in the Jackson-Lincoln theory of the Presidency would not be content with this town meeting, majority and minority method of determining by another branch of the government what it seems the especial duty of the President himself to determine for himself in dealing with his own subordinate in his own department.

There are many worthy people who reprobate the Buchanan method as a matter of history, but who in actual life reprobate still more strongly the Jackson-Lincoln method when it is put into practice. These persons conscientiously believe that the President should solve every doubt in favor of inaction as against action, that he should construe strictly and narrowly the constitutional grant of powers both to the national government, and to the President within the national government. In addition, however, to the men who conscientiously believe in this course from high, although as I hold misguided, motives, there are many men who affect to believe in it merely because it enables them to attack and to try to hamper, for partisan or personal reasons, an executive whom they dislike. There are other men in whom, especially when they are themselves in office, practical adherence to the Buchanan principle represents not well-thought-out devotion to an unwise course, but simple weakness of character and desire to avoid trouble and responsibility. Unfortunately, in practice it makes little difference which class of ideas actuates the President who by his action sets a cramping precedent. Whether he is high-minded and wrongheaded or merely infirm of purpose, whether he means well feebly or is bound by a mischievous misconception of the powers and duties of the national government and of the President, the effect of his actions is the same. The President's duty is to act so that he himself and his subordinates shall be able to do efficient work for the people, and this efficient work he and they cannot do if congress is permitted to undertake the task of making up his mind for him as to how he shall perform what is clearly his sole duty.

THE REAR PORTICO. FROM THE GARDEN.

Little Known Aspects of the White House

Tin in Alaska

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

IN speaking of mining conditions in Seward peninsula, Gov. Strong, of Alaska, incidentally called attention to the fact that there is a dredger working on the placer tin deposits in the York district, which will have an output this season of nearly 60 tons, which will bring in somewhere between $30,000 and $50,000. This serves to recall one of the many opportunities present on this coast which have, as yet, been overlooked.

There is no other portion of the world, with a similar number of inhabitants, which consumes such quantities of tinplate as the Pacific states and Alaska. California puts up a greater value of canned goods than any other state in the Union, as Washington puts up more canned fish than any other state. The consumption of tinplace in the season on this coast is measured in trainload lots. One of the greatest tin can factories in the world is located at Bellingham. The condensed milk factories use trainloads of tinplate. The canning industry is expanding steadily and at rapid rate. All of this tinplate is imported from other states, where it is manufactured and coated with tin imported from abroad.

The tin being mined in Alaska goes to Wales for reduction, comes back to the Pensnylvania and middle west tinplate plants, and from them back to the coast to be utilized. The present production of tin in Alaska would go a long ways toward coating all of the tinplate used on this coast. The connection is so obvious that it is hard to understand why the tin ore is not reduced here and why the tinplate is not manufactured here in quantities sufficient to meet the heavy local demand.

Abe Martin

If women ever git t' votin' we hope they use better judgment at th' polls than they do at th' altar.

THE MIDLANDERS

BY CHARLES TENNEY JACKSON

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CHAPTER XV.

Fighting Blood.

The last week of June Mr. Curran received this telegram:

"Busted at Broken Bow. HEN."

He showed it to Aunt Abby, and Uncle Mich., who came around every week with a letter from Aurelie for Mr. Curran to read.

Mr. Curran sighed. "Broken Bow is a jerkwater station out in the short-grass country. Western Nebraska. Pretty tough. I been there—I was busted, also."

"I hope," said Aunt Abby, "that the child hasn't been compelled to have anything else cut out, even if it is busted."

Mr. Curran explained that this was merely the theatrical company. Then they put the telegram away behind the clock where all of Aurelie's letters and press notices were kept. The next week came Aurelie's explanation. The Beauty Winner company was stranded. All that expensive scenery and the reorganized troupe had gone for nothing. Business was very poor, Hen McFetridge explained, and the actors were clamoring for their salaries. All except Aurelie who received hers every week and sent most of it home. Aurelie intimated that the twins were getting hard up. She heard frequent discussions of oil and Verde copper stock and other matters extraneous to art. And the following week Mr. Curran, in Earlville to see some of his political confreres, was surprised to see Morris Feldman in front of his ten-and-twenty cent Main street vaudeville and moving picture house.

Morris rolled his calf eyes complacently "Those two big blobs from Tulare, California, Mr. Curran, what they don't know about the show business is much, believe me. They done some fierce things. Why, up in Bozeman, Montana, Mr. Curran, those two big ginks from Tulare, California, they leased the hotel and turned everybody out just because Miss Lindstrom she didn't like the room she had! Can you beat it? Nobody in that hotel except our bunch of old hams. Say, Hen and Ben hired a chef in Denver what stuck 'em for three hundred a month to go along and cook for the troupe because Miss Lindstrom didn't like a breakfast she got one morning. And that old bunch of hams we had playin'—some of them troopers hadn't had a square meal since eighty-one. Why, Hen and Ben blew in more money on cabs some days than we could play to in a week. And they plunged on oil and played poker, and nobody got any salaries; and then they let me out. They let Hanbury manage the back of the house after that; and believe me, anything Hanbury manages is frazzled before it starts."

"Well, what'll the company do now?" said Mr. Curran.

"Walk," commented Mr. Feldman.

"And the twins?"

"Back to Tulare. Oil."

"And Miss Lindstrom?"

Mr. Feldman turned a limpid eye on Mr. Curran. "Miss Lindstrom, she'll make good if she ever shakes that crazy bunch. I said: 'Little girl, you get the clothes and go to New York. You got the stuff in you and you look the part.'"

"Acutally?" Mr. Curran stared.

"Believe me. What broke up the show was the twins got stuck on her."

"What?"

"Dippy. Hen and Ben laid awake nights thinking how to put it over each other. Flowers, cabs, candies—every girl in the bunch was in on it, too. Aurelie Lindstrom ran that whole show and the twins paid the bills. Then we blew up out in Nebraska. When I left, them ham actors were trying to walk out of the hotel wearing two suits of clothes apiece and leaving their trunks behind; and Hen and Ben were buying drinks for some rube and trying to sell him oil stock."

Mr. Curran was worried. He asked Aunt Abby if he should not send Aurelie some money to come home on. But he didn't have any. Then another letter came. Aurelie was playing "summer stock" in Denver. "Miss Norman and me, but I'm not leading lady any more. I'm doing ingenue bits. Leading lady with Hen and Ben around was pretty bad. They were so foolish! And it was such a noisy play, for the farther west we got, the more shooting Mr. Hanbury insisted on putting in. The big situation always gave me a headache."

"Land!" murmured Aunt Abby, "I thought she had that cut out?"

"But, Mr. Curran," ran on Aurelie's letter, "don't you and Uncle Mich worry about me. I'm working hard and everybody seems to like me. The juvenile I play against is good looking—quite distinguished. But everybody borrows my money. I'm awful sorry for Hen and Ben—they were broke completely. Hen came to me and said: 'Little girl, we aren't sorry for a cent we ever blew in on you. If you don't want to marry us, you don't have to.' So they went back to Tulare to hunt more cow tracks, and if they find oil again they're going to make me a bigger actress than Mrs. Fiske. Yes, sir—you see! Why, I just cried when the twins went west—busted. They were grand good fellows after all!

"P. S. I'm going to send Uncle Mich some more money next pay day to pay on the cork leg. And, Uncle Mich, I saw a mountain. Just like you said when we came up river to occupy the land. Only such a teeny mountain way off—like a baby's toe.

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The Midlanders

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

sticking out of a blue coverlet! Lots of love. AURELIE."

"Done never forget Uncle Mich!" cried that old rebel thumping his peg leg joyously on the wood box. "And I done promised I'd never peddle a pint o' whisky long as she sends me money!"

"Mich, I understand John won't let the family have a cent of Aurelie's money."

Uncle Mich winked wisely. "Knute and I sneak 'em in—underclothes for the baby and socks and truck. John's too busy with his soul and plannin' to drive Tanner's men off the creek survey to think about Aurelie's show money now. Devil's money, John says. But it buys things for the baby, Mr. Curran. Just like my old bootleg money, somehow. But these here holiness people that got hold of John, they don't think o' that."

"John's a fool, Uncle Mich. If the county decides to divert the creek down the Pocket all you squatters will have to get out or be flooded."

"Not John. He says the God o' Battles done told him to fight, Mr. Curran, there'll done be trouble sometime over that."

"I'm afraid so," Wiley sighed. The deal for the turning of Sinsinawa Creek back from the uplands above the town to its ancient channel which led to the bottoms above Tanner's quarry had gone quietly through. Everybody favored it, except the outlying farmers who grumbled that it was another piece of favoritism, or maybe worse. "Tanner's boards," however, were an always present grievance. The only item of interest the News found in the proceedings was that Harlan Van Hart, Esq., son of Judge Van Hart, the latest addition to the Winnetka county bar, made his first public appearance as an attorney for the Tanner company to argue for the ordinance. Wiley "spread" himself in the most approved rural journalistic fashion on Harlan's effort, but he sighed—and sent the clipping to Arne Vance.

And not even young attorney Van Hart, toiling away that summer in the little side room of the firm of Donley & Van Hart—names reversed, you notice—getting up his briefs and citations, knew that in his little side room in the bank Old Thad Tanner chuckled and roared. The News actually commending something that he had done! But that fool editor didn't really think Van Hart's boy had anything to do with it? He took the paper to his son-in-law, Cal Rice, the pallid cashier. "We gotta get this boy, Cal. We gotta get him on the ticket next fall, if he can hold the News and these sorehead cusses who've started that Progressive League over in Earlville. Yes, sir, Cal—a mighty clever boy, and a good boy—like his father—steady and safe. The party needs more young men like that—and maybe it would be just as well to put old jelly-belly Jewett off the ticket this year and run Harlan for district attorney."

Old Thad joked about this to Judge Van Hart the next day; and the judge frowned. He deprecated politics. But when he went in the bank Cal Rice said something about it. Then the judge mildly and worriedly told his wife. Her eyes brightened. Harlan should have a career in the state — certainly. But it was absurd to talk of it his first year out of school. But the next day Old Thad stopped her surrey to speak of it when she was shopping about the square. He had a joking and yet deferential patronizing for the Van Harts that always made the good lady detest him—as much as one may the richest man in the county—and the most influential.

Meanwhile Harlan plugged away. He seemed more reserved, but still his genial self. He picnicked with the girls of his set along the river; the High street young people wandered in and out of his mother's home at informal summer dances, and played tennis on the lawns, and ate ice cearm of evenings, and flirted on the veranda much as they had done since he was 16. Nothing was changed, only he was now a man at a man's work. Much like his father, people said. From his office window Harlan could see the judge drive in town behind Old Dutch tie him to the rail and walk slowly under the maples to the court house steps, speaking gently to every one, bowing with old-time courtesy to the women, patting the dogs—a fine, upright, beloved figure of a man. That was what he should come to be, doubtless, a sturdy, unfearing, clear-minded American of the best people.

And once as he watched the court room windows with the June sweetness straying in, he thought of that evening when John Lindstrom's hoarse and despairing voice cursed his father and the law. He felt that even now the hurt of it was on his father's mind. A hurt growing with what the town was slowly coming to think of Lindstrom. He had defied society, cut himself off, a religious fanatic, in his patch of corn land in the Pocket. Only last week, a shotgun under his crippled arm, the gaunt quarry worker had come upon the surveyors on his land running the line for the diversion dam and forbade them further entry. Harlan remembered that he had heard Marryat, the good-natured sheriff, telling his father that he would have to drive out and have a little friendly talk with John. The somber quarryman was a "bit off" maybe. Taken his children out of school, forbade them to mix with the town boys and all that. The judge had not answered. Harlan knew in his heart there was a grief and an outrage he would not reveal. People had whispered that John had become an outlaw from the day Judge Van Hart put the taint of the pail on him.

Then to Harlan's mind the thought of Lindstrom brought the memory of another summer—the long quiet evenings when he had met Aurelie in the hills. It seemed that he must have been desperately sorry for her to love her so. That was it—her pathos and her grace and prettiness and all the magic of the summer. Now he heard her discussed about the verandas by the nice girls he knew—her notoriety, the laughable idea, of her going on the stage! And backed financially by the McFetridge boys! It seemed to Harlan, as the nice girls talked of it in the hammocks and over their ices, that all that was cheap, unworthy, gortesque, utterly apart from all he had known, had come to gather about Aurelie.

"Imagine!" said Elsie Dickinson in a group about his mother's porch one evening. "A traveling man who came in papa's store yesterday told him that Aurelie Lindstrom was being billed in a stock company as the One Hundred Thousand Dollar Prize Beauty—and was wearing diamonds! I don't suppose they are real!"

Mrs. Van Hart was watching Harlan's face. She was thankful that none of the younger set had ever known of her son's summer infatuation. Now Harlan's firm lips closed as coldly, his square jaw set as hard as his mother's had done the night Aurelie was dismissed. The mother's placidity was unruffled. "As real, my dear," she murmered, "as her beauty price. As an advertisement for the newspaper she was undoubtedly a success, however. But the diamonds—are those men who used to run the livery stable still her managers?"

Ever so carelessly! But Harlan's jaw set more dogedly. She had stung the last refuge of his pride. The McFetridge boys—and Aurelie!

And the story of those diamonds wandered over the town and grew and grew. First a mere brooche, then a necklace—after that a tiara! Playter, the druggist, told Wiley Curran of Hen McFetridge clothing Aurelie in diamonds out of the exploitation of his doubtful oil speculations, and Wiley called him a liar. The news lost another advertising contract right there.

Wiley told Aunt Abby about it that night at supper. She looked curiously at his drawn face. "Wiley, I don't believe it. That girl's as good as gold. And good girls don't sell their virtue, Wiley—they give it away, maybe, because they love. And Aurelie doesn't love Hen McFetridge—the twins just amuse her. Her letters show that.

And the old lady waddled to the Sewing Circle that night to hear what she could hear, to defend what might be defended. There was need. Aurelie was the town's daughter of scarlet long before half the missionary boxes were filled that year, and the Shakespeare Club was done with its critical study of Desdemona's story. Aunt Abby was unable to counteract the Shakespeare Club digressions, for the Shakespeare Club was composed almost wholly of High street ladies. And Shakespeare Club gossip, though covert and well-bred, was as deadly. The Rome Shakespeare Club held itself aloof. The Earlville Woman's Club was busy with civic programs. Every time the Rome Shakespearian ladies had a paper on Twelfth Night or Lear, the Earlville women had a protest to the city council about street lighting or the saloons or the need of shade trees. As the Mercury-Journal said: "The Woman's Club was the livest booster in the burg."

The Rome women never boosted anybody execept Shakespeare or Ruskin, or The Intellectual Development of Europe, or The Court of Louis XIV.

There were two persons in Rome who were silent about that gossip concerning Aurelie. Harlan, lounging in Wiley's shop as of old, after the day's grind, reading state exchanges and bantering the editor on politics, never asked of her; nor did Wiley relate of her letters. Aparently their friendship drifted back to the old affection, yet there was this one reserve.

Wiley would look up from his jobpress to find Harlan's serious face turned to him in a study. Harlan was easily the best dressed man in the county; even the drummers about the Elk's Club in Earlville, or the Hotel Metropole, were no more punctilious as to business garb. And Wiley was in his shirt sleeves and well inked at that. Invariably they drawled at each other with summer laziness. "Hot, isn't it, Harlan?"

"Yes."

"Bucking hard?"

"Some dinky line-fence case Donley turned over to me. Justice court. Term's closed, and dad is off to the St. Lawrence for vacation.

"Make a note of it. Farmer caught a big catfish—70 pounds—at Ellick's Ford Thursday. Dig up a squib about that!"

Harlan lazily wrote out the copy; it was the old high school habit to help Wiley get out the News' personals. Also to jibe the editor about his paper. "Worst country sheet in Iowa, Wiley—worse and worst!"

"I know. But still able to squawk occasionally." Wiley was distributing type as Jim Mims was fishing. He kicked the job press half an hour, and then did the printer's work under the impression that he was getting both tasks farther advanced somehow or other. "Still able to make Old Thad cuss. Even if his Retail eMrchants' Association is doing its best to head off all my advertising. Thad can round up the county to put through his Sin Creek steal, but still the News can call attention to it."

Harlan stirred; "Still you praised my argument before the board."

"That was you, son! But as to the creek diversion, every one of those poor devils in the Pocket will be drowned out."

"They haven't a sign of title. And every property owner on the north side will benefit."

"Sure."

"You're hurting your political chances, Wiley."

"I know. But I can't help that. The under dog gets me Harlan. I been one, myself. I had to fight for 'em! Mine own people! I can't stop to consider whose land is benefited, or who has the title at law. I'm only thinking of those people who fought floods and droughts and stumps to make themselves their little corn patches and keep their children alive on them down there. The News—" his hand patted the splintered old type case fondly— "it's always fought that way, somehow! It's never right — it's always wrong. Ask any of the law abiding, respectable people in town and they'll tell you so.

Harlan smiled. "Here on the start of your primary campaign, you're making enemies of your home people. And I want you to succeed, Wiley. In spite of Hall being a friend of father's—and everything. I hate greed and oppression as bad as you do. Only—"

"That's it—only! It's hard to go against one's own class, isn't it? Hate oppression, hate wrong—only except one's privilege, one's class, one's tradition. Why, right here between you and me, boy—in our little prosy village, is the whole problem which confronts the nation! We give to Tanner, to the property owners — our sort — the privilege of exploiting others who can't help themselves. And a hoary tradition of the courts exists to defend the privilege. The courts"—he checked himself, but hotly—"Harlan, come on over to Earlville to dinner with us Sunday night and meet this McBride, the chap who's organizing the soft coal miners. He's a new article in this county—and he's behind me in this fight against Hall. I want you to meet him."

"McBride, the man who defied the supreme court last year and went to jail for it?"

"Yes. I'm glad he did. He made a lot of people stop and think—and that's what we're after."

The judge's son smiled tolerantly. "All right. I'd like to see him. I'm curious. But his friendship won't help you, Wiley."

Wiley smiled in turn. But thus it came about that Harlan and Arne Vance came over to the 75-cent table d'hote dinner at the Hotel Metropole to meet Mike McBride. The dining room of the Hotel Metropole, all excessively new and Earlvillian, with a tapestried wall of stiff necked steeplechasers, gorgeous dogs in four colors climbing a fence; while over a bulging and lavender hill dashed a motor car, the cloud of dust and the ladies' veils forming a diaphanous perspective in five more colors, which, with the Hunt Club dogs and the riders' coats, made the picture of General Parsons above the Parson House mentel over in Rome, seem old and faded. You would understand at once that it belonged in a town which had an interurban, and and Elks' Club, and pressed its trousers, along with other cocky modernity. But neither Arne Vance nor Wiley T. Curran let on to being impressed, for they had dined in a number of the beplastered and multi-colored cafes of ambitious western cities. And Harlan, on his first visit to the Metropole, looked about with a smile and then at McBride as he stirred his demi-tasse—even the girl waiters said demi tasse—now in Earlville.

"This is a live wire town," McBride was saying, "and when it gets through laying out parks and boosting factories it's going to go after you fellows over in Rome who's run the county so long." He was a short thick, red-browed man to whom one would rather break disagreeable news over the telephone. His fingers were hard and stubby, and he dug sugar out of the bowl and dumped it into his demi-tasse without so much as a glance at the dogs done in four colors. He went after local affairs like a man who could assimilate more significant facts in a week than all the best people of the county could discover in a lifetime. "That county ring has run things ever since the war, and long as the tax rate wasn't too high the business people didn't growl, and Tanner fixed every board to suit himself — and hogged all the county work. He's a good man, this Tanner—I like his method—he gets things. But we ought to get him. A live grand jury would smoke him out in no time. And a district attorney who'd throw the gaff. The one you got is a crook."

"I agree," murmured Wiley—he felt too amiable after his 75-cent occasion, with dogs in four colors, to be the zealot. "New blood is needed. But there's some good men on our side the creek, also."

"Skunk?" queried McBride.

"Sinsinawa."

To Be Continued.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers.

When getting ready to butcher three hogs one of them began to squeal as if bitten by a dog and in a few moments another also became sick, both of them dying before night. The third one did not die and seems to be recovering. Can anyone explain this trouble?—I. S., Long, W. Va.

Will someone please tell what is troubling my cow? She was shipped here from Chicago in March in poor condition. She improved some the first month, but since then has not held her own. In September her sack began to fill with a liquid the color of coffee. Have milked her twice a week up to the present with sack becoming as hard as flesh. A little blood and pus comes with the milk.—L. L. L., Catawba, W. Va.

Maple Holding Its Own.

Although at one time in the early history of the country an average of 6,000 maple trees were destroyed in clearing the avera e New York or Pennsylvania farm, maple is today, according to the department of agriculture, one of the most widely used and valuable native hardwoods.

A bulletin on the use of maple just issued by the department, states that the wood finds place in an enormous number of articles in daily use, from rolling pins to pianos and organs. It is one of the best woods for flooring, and is always a favorite material for the floors of roller skating rinks and bowling alleys. It leads all other woods as a material for shoe lasts, the demand for which in Massachusetts alone exceeds 13,000,000 board feet annually.

Sugar maple stands near the top of the list of furniture woods in this country. The so-called "birds-eye" effect, the department explains, is probably due to buds which for some reason can not force their way through the bark, but which remain just beneath it year after year. The young wood is disturbed each succeeding season by the presence of the bud and grows around it in fantastic forms which are exposed when the saw cuts through the abnormal growth.

Maple, the department goes on to say, is one of the chief woods used for agricultural implements and farm machinery being so employed because of its strength and hardness. All kinds of wooden ware are made of maple, which holds important rank also in the manufacture of shuttles, spools, and bobbins. It competes with black gum for first place in the manufacture of rollers of many kinds, from those employed in house moving to the less massive ones used on lawn-mowers. Athletic goods, school supplies, brush backs, pulleys, type cases and crutches are a few of the other articles for which maple is in demand.

Seven species of maple grow in the United States, of which sugar maple, sometimes called hard maple, is the most important. The total cut of maple in the United States annually amounts to about 1,150,000,000 feet. Nearly one-half is produced by Michigan, with Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, New York and West Virginia following in the order named. Sugar maple, says the department, is in little danger of disappearing from the American forests, for it is a strong, vigorous, aggressive tree, and though not a fast grower is able to hold its own. In Michigan it is not unusual for maple to take possession of land from which pine or hardwoods have been cut clean, and from New England westward through the lake states and south to the Ohio and Potomac rivers few other species are oftener seen in woodlots.—Farmers' Guide.

The Manure Spreader.

Owning a spreader stimulates us to get the manure out as fast as it is made, preventing all loss from heating and washing. It gets on the land more evenly than it could be done by hand, so that it covers more acres with the same good effect that it would have if a larger amount were applied by hand. There is a great loss of fertilizing value when manure is spread in too large quantities. The modern spreader is a great economizer of labor, which is a very important item to be considered at the present time.

In buying a spreader, note carefully how strongly it is built at the places where the wear and tear will be most severe. It should distribute all kinds of manure evenly. There should be the same amount spread on the outside as in the center of the space being covered.

With any make or spreader care should be exercised in loading if the machine is to do its best field work. On the average stock farm the manure spreader is an economic necessity.

The modern machine is built so as to give sufficient capacity for a large load, and unless the ground is dry and level three or four horses should be attached to facilitate the work. The lugs on the wheels give traffic enough to carry the load and spread it, even though the land may be covered with snow and ice when the machine is put in gear.

If the machine is given good care and kept well oiled and painted, it will last a long time. On the average farm the manure spreader is given very little care, being allowed to stand outside in close proximity to the manure heap and seldom oiled or painted to prevent it from rusting and checking. Next to owning a spreader, it is very important that one should have a suitable place to store it when not in use.

LIVE STOCK

Forage for Hogs.

If enough clover is available to supply as much green feed as the hogs will need, it would be of doubtful advisability to grow oats and peas for this use. As a course of grain feed, corn would be more valuable, although not advisable for use so early in the season. In case additional green feed is needed, rape should prove very useful. As compared with oats and peas, rape has the advantage in length of growing period. Besides, its manner of growth makes it less liable to damage from trampling than is the mixture of oats and peas, which is likely to tangle badly. Unless pastured very close, rape will furnish excellent green feed until very cold weather comes. Very often, rape may be grown to good advantage in feed lots that would otherwise be idle during most of the summer. For best results, rape should be grown on very fertile well drained land. Bulletin 242, "Forage Crops for Swine" may be had free upon request to the Ohio Experiment Station, Wooster, O. It gives results of experiments with a number of crops that were used as green feed for hogs.—B. E. Carmichael, Ohio Experiment Station.

Feed the Flock.

You can work a horse 48 hours without feeding him. That 48 hours considered alone would be very cheap service; but it would be at the expense of the future usefulness of the horse. Not many people attempt such false economy, but they do a quite similar thing in forcing their flocks to depend upon pasturage far beyond the time when the pastures are supplying sufficient food. The result is that the animals grow thin. Money is saved, but mutton is lost.

This is especially bad management with the breeding flock. To insure a good lamb crop, the ewes should be gaining in flesh at the mating season. They will not do this upon grass alone after freezing weather; that is, not large flocks. A very few on a large range may do well enough up until snow covers the ground.

The pasturage will suffice for roughage. The supplement needed is grain and in the corn belt corn is the grain used. Nothing else supplies nutrients at so low a cost. And while the ewes are eating grass, corn alone is an entirely satisfactory grain. In sections where oats are abundant and relatively cheap they may well constitute a part of the ration. But they are always a more expensive feed than corn, too expensive to use as the only grain and when fed in connection with grain call for more labor in the preparation of corn for feeding.

If corn is to be fed alone an economical and very satisfactory way is to feed it directly from the shock by scattering it upon a clean sod. If the flock is not accustomed to it in this form strike the ears lengthwise with an ax, thus opening the husk and starting the grain from the cob. They will very quickly learn to shell the grain. Of course, care should be taken not to overfeed. If the sheep neglect the fodder so that this method seems wasteful, figure what it will cost to husk and prepare an acre for feeding in any other way, and compare that with the value of the fodder and it will relieve your mind somewhat. If the waste seems too great, husk, break the ears and feed upon a clean turf, or in flat-bottom troughs. There will be greater waste of grain under this method than the other. Grinding the ear corn and feeding in troughs is the most satisfactory and better than shelling as it can not be eaten so rapidly.

So long as the flock has access to fresh grass, corn alone is a very satisfactory grain, but when corn fodder, timothy hay or straw must be depended upon for roughage corn alone will not do. Some more highly nitrogenous feed, as bran, gluten, linseed or cotton seed meal must be given. Failure to do this will cause a lot of "bad luck" toward spring.

Feed is the main thing. Sheep that are properly fed suffer little from exposure to weather. A heavy rain followed by high wind and a freezing temperature is the only combination of weather conditions that seriously injure sheep. Sheep once wet should not be confined in a close shed. Better leave them out doors unless it turns very cold. Sheep hate mud as badly as a chicken does water. Every effort should be taken to keep them out of it. The barn yard as a place for feeding is an abomination unless it can be kept dry by the use of straw and stalks and that is very wasteful of manure. If a barn is well ventilated they may be kept inside without injury.—H. P. Miller in Ohio Farmer.

TRAPPING

Tanning Small Skins.

Muskrat skins are very tender and the flesh is tough. Before taking off the surplus flesh the hides should lay at least six hours in a tanning liquor. After this it should be fleshed over the flesh sides of a sheep skin or other soft surface with a circular fleshing knife. If the hides are dry they should first be placed in a tub or barrel with warm water and let lie for 24 hours.

Then add to each half barrel of water a pint of good slacked lime and let the hide stand for 24 hours more. With a small hide much less liquor is needed, and a smaller amount can be mixed. Then proceed as with a fresh skin.

The next operation is called fleshing the hide, which is the removal of all the surplus fat and tissue found. An old knife ground so as to have a square edge on it about one-sixteenth of an inch wide is necessary in this operation. Place the hide on the end of a beam, laying the hair side down, and proceed to take off the flesh and fat and every other unequal substance before you turn the hair side up.

In preparing a tanning liquor for light hides, add one-half bushel of wheat bran to 10 gallons of soft, warm water, stirring it in. Let it stand in a warm room until it ferments, then add seven pounds of salt and stir it until it is dissolved. Then slowly stir this liquor put in the hide and handle it until it is perfectly saturated.

A good method of tanning raccoon skin is as follows: The skin is nailed on a board to dry and smeared with a paste made of equal parts of alum and salt dissolved in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, say two ounces of alum, two ounces of salt, one dram of sulphuric acid, one pint of water and one of wheat bran.

When nearly dry, scrape it off with a spoon and work the skin very soft. This may be done by rolling up the skin instead of nailing it on a board, or it may be put into the tan liquor described above.

Trapping the Skunk.

The skunk travels almost everywhere, but usually makes its home in a hole along some gravelly hillside, so that such places are most likely to be good places to set traps. Traps may be set any other place where tracks have been seen, or where the skunk is apt to travel.

The No. 1½ Victor trap is probably the best size for this animal, but the No. 1 is used extensively and generally considered strong enough. The special traps with double or webbed jaws are also recommended.

If you can find the den of a family of skunks, dig out a place to receive the trap in the entrance of the hole; set the trap in place and cover lightly with dead grass or other light material. Draw the chain out straight, away from the hole, and fasten it with a stake. Some trappers prefer to fasten the chain to the thick end of a bush, but it allows the skunk to get partly in the den with the trap, and there it has a good chance to escape. It is better to use a stake, and visit the trap early in the morning to prevent the catch escaping.

Where you see skunk tracks or other signs and cannot find their homes, make baited sets. Place the traps between tree roots, in the ends of hollow logs, in little inclosures made of sticks, bark or rotten wood, at openings in stone piles and stone walls, or in front of holes in the bank. Cut a stout brush and fasten the chain to the butt. Cover the trap lightly.

For bait, use rabbit, fowl, muskrat, or the flesh of the skunk itself. Tainted, evil-smelling bait is better than fresh bait for skunks. After you catch one of the animals and he discharges his perfume about the trap, others will be attracted to the place by the odor.

POULTRY

A Good Laying Ration.

In the morning feed a little of the following grain mixture in the litter: Ten pounds cracked corn, 10 pounds wheat, five pounds oats. Get it well down into a loose, dry and clean wheat or oat straw litter at least 12 inches deep, so as to make them work for every particle they get. At about 10 o'clock feed an armful of alfalfa hay to every 100 hens.

At noon give a feeding of cabbage one day, mangels the next, and feed no more than they will eat up clean in four hours. Also open the self-feeding dry mash hoppers containing the following mixture. Six pounds corn meal, six pounds wheat middlings, three pounds wheat bran, one pound alfalfa meal, one pound oil meal, five pounds beef scrap and one pound salt.

Also feed the following mash mixture moistened with buttermilk: Two pounds ground buckwheat, two pounds ground boiled oats and one pound corn meal. Feed no more than three pounds of this mixture to a flock of 100 hens. It is not fed so much for its feeding as for the stimulating effect it has on them.

At night give another grain feed, this time all they will eat up clean. Enough should be fed so that all will be able to go to roost with a full crop and leave a little left, which they can pick up early the next morning. At this time the hoppers are cleaned until the next day noon.

To properly feed the above ration it is of prime importance that the proper amounts of grain and dry mash are eaten. They should eat about half as much of the dry mash mixture as of the grains. Weigh all feed at the end of each week to find out how much they do eat. After a few weeks anyone ought to know just how much to feed without weighing oftener than once a month. If they eat too little dry mash, decrease the grain feeding in the morning, and vice versa.

Grit and oyster shell should be always before them in self-feeding hoppers. Water should be given twice a day during the winter, and the dishes never allowed to go dry, except during the night. This is the regular Cornell ration.

Mating for Egg Production.

The best layers are the latest to molt, and their general appearance gives one the impression of a rather rough-looking flock of hens. The poorest laying flock, and the poorest laying individuals are always the earliest to molt, and one would get the impression that they were the best layers.

A good laying fowl late in fall presents the following appearance: Late to molt, shedding her feathers nearly all at once, comb small and rather colorless, shanks faded and toe nails well worn down. Her appearance is that of a hard-working individual ,her work showing in her worn appearance.

The best time to mate the breeders for heavy egg production is in late fall and early winter, when you can choose the ragged, late-molting hens. This does not apply to the fancier, who wants to wait at least until the birds are fully molted. But when it comes to mating for heavy egg production there is no better time of the year to select breeders.

Dressing Poultry.

All birds should be plucked clean, except as capons and a few other special classes. The feathers should be plucked from a fowl immediately after killing. To allow the coat to remain on the dead bird for several hours will hasten decomposition. It is best to dry-pick the legs before scalding. Do not allow the head or feet to get in the water, or the former will have a sickly look, and the latter will lose their bright color. Have the water as near boiling point as possible, without boiling. After scalded poultry are dressed, they should be plumped by dipping for several seconds into very hot water, and then thrown into ice-cold water, where they should be allowed to remain for a quarter of an hour. Then hang up to dry and cool. Freshly dressed poultry must be plunged in ice-cold water to take out the animal h the carcass is apt to turn green.

Leg Weakness in Ducks.

Leg weakness in ducks is oft duced by damp quarters at n They can stand all the water and during the daytime that they may exposed to, but at night they n have dry quarters.

The floors of the duck pen sh be heavily covered with straw. weakness from this cause is ofte case of cramps and rheumatism. the trouble does not right itself t few days and the bird otherwise t a good, healthy condition, it is bes kill and eat it.

There is, however, another form leg weakness which is more comm This is the result of too heavy fe ing, especially if the feed is too c centrated.

A popular feed with duck raiser bran, cornmeal, meat scraps green feed or steeped clover or falfa.

If the birds are weak in the l and upon lifting them up it is fo they are very heavy, reduce quantity of cornmeal and meat scr and increase the supply of bran. A add powdered charcoal to the mash

This, in a few days, generally e the trouble. Never feed whole gr especially corn. It is claimed that weakness is more or less comm among ducks fed whole corn.

THE DAIRY

Freezing in the Silo.

None of the types of silos put u the market so far will keep silage this latitude without more or freezing taking place during the w ter months, although those having spaces in the walls seem to fr somewhat less than the type hav solid walls.

Experience has shown, howe that freezing can be kept within r sonable limits in silos of any co mon type by the exercise of a li extra care. A good tight roof sho be provided and the doors should kept closed as much as possible prevent circulation of air above silage and to keep in the heat ge ated by the silage.

In using, it is important to k the surface of the silage level or e a trifle high in the middle, not all ing a hole to form in the center s sometimes done when silage beg to freez around the edges. We h never had any bad results from fr ing frozen silage, but it will not k long after thawing out.

Since most of the freezing is due cold air above the silage it is po ble to afford considerable protect with hay or straw, or better still blanket of canvas. If in addition these precautions it is convenient build the silo in a sheltered pl there should be little loss or trou from freezing.—A. D. Wilson, Min sota College of Agriculture.

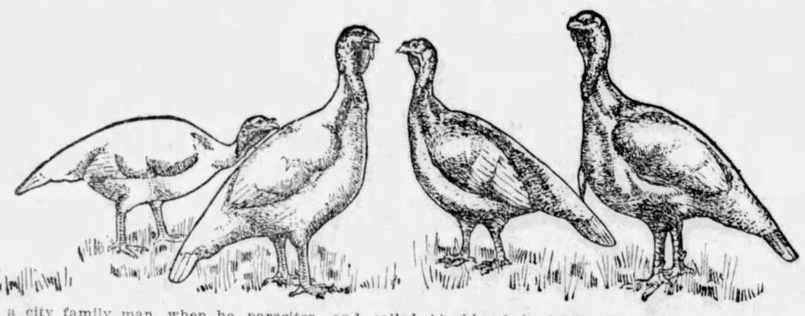
Thistles as Cattle Feed.

Out in Kansas they are finding t the Russian thistle, one of the tum weeds that has long been conside as a noxious weed, can be utilized a feed for cattle. Professor Wm. C. S ens, of the University of Kansas, w has been making a thorough study this plant is of the opinion that it possibilities not generally understo A number of farmers in western K sas have announced their succes use of the Russian thistle in fee live stock. Professor Stevens is ported as saying: "If the weed is before the second leaves get th growth I see no reason why it sho not make good feed for cattle. would have to be cut when the f leaves are green to avoid the h bristle of the second leaves. In s sections of the state it has been pro definitely that the thistle keeps fo reasonable length of time. The pl has a nutrient value only a little than alfalfa."

It has not been so long ago t sweet clover was considered a very weed, but now it is held in high teem by many farmers not only a forage crop but for green manuri Perhaps the Russian thistle may h a similar experience. A weed has b defined as a plant out of place; a pl growing in cultivated ground to injury of the crop or desired vege tion. As soon as a weed is found have a definite use it loses its odi and is given a higher rank. It o requires the stress of circumstances show that a plant has a real value times of feed shortage farmers gla turn for help to plants they h scorned. This seems to have been case with the Russian thistle.

Nebraska's 1912 mineral output valued at $1,490,582.

DISEASE MAY DOOM TURKEY INDUSTRY



Many a city family man, when he comes to pay from $5 to $7 for his Thanksgiving turkey, will be quite ready to affirm that personally he has no objection to the passing of the turkey forever, even as a holiday piece de resistance.

Last year in the largest cities, first-class birds brought from 25 to 50 cents per pound, and a $5 bill was hardly adequate to secure a bird that would sufficiently serve an ordinary-sized family.

The fact is that fewer turkeys are being raised every year, the decline in the industry having started six or seven years ago, when the terrible disease of blackhead began to destroy the flocks in the New England states. The ravages of this disease have become so great that in Rhode Island, which was once the great turkey state, very few are now being raised. The disease has spread to other states throughout the east, and its ravaging effects have been so disastrous that thousands of farmers in Massachusetts, New Jersey and New Hampshire, all formerly good turkey states, have practically given up the business.

This disease has invaded the west to some extent, but its ravages have been checked because the means of preventing it are now much better understood than ever before, owing to the industrious and intelligent investigations started several years ago by the Rhode Island Experiment Station, and supplemented by the work of the United States department of agriculture.

Blackhead is a disease of the liver and intestines which produces a form of dysentery and is caused by minute parasites, and called blackhead because the heads of the affected birds turn black at a certain stage of the disease.

In many cases birds die from complications induced by the presence of the disease rather than from its immediate effects.

Blackhead destroys about four-fifths of the young turkeys before they are six weeks old, and of the remaining one-fifth, according to Prof. Cooper Curtiss, of the Rhode Island station, one-tenth to one-fifth die at a later date.

While there has not been great progress made in the control of this disease the limits of ignorance have been clearly defined, and it is believed that the scientists will, in a very short time, discover effective remedies.

The advice given by experts in the disease is to quit breeding turkeys wherever it appears, and this is responsible in a very large degree for the rapid curtailment of the industry in the eastern states.

The hope of the turkey-raising industry appears at present to lie in the west, and those portions of the south which have so far escaped this dreaded disease. Breeders have now learned, at least in a preliminary way, how to prevent the disease, and in the west, where it has not prevailed to any considerable extent, farmers have taken up turkey breeding, encouraged by the tremendously high prices that have prevailed during the past few years and by the hope that they will be able to escape the losses suffered by the eastern breeders who did not know how to cope with the disease.

As farmers receive about 65 per cent of the retail price of turkeys, there is good profit in the business, provided the birds escape disease. Turkey-raising is no more difficult than the raising of any other kind of poultry. It requires just as much, but no more trouble than should be devoted to the raising of guineafowls, well-bred chickens, or squabs. In fact, where extensive range can be secured, the rearing of turkeys is less trouble than that of chickens.

Turkeys are great rangers, but as they quickly become attached to their attendant, it is not difficult to control them. They should be fed and cared for by the same person from the time they are hatched until they are ready for the market. In this way they will learn to come at the call of the attendant, and follow him for long distances, from the fields to the coops.

If young turkeys are carefully handled by the same person they can be easily driven from one place to another, and when storms come on they can be quickly housed. In foreign countries turkeys are driven to market in flocks, and we once saw a flock of nearly 300 birds being driven along the highway to the railroad station three miles from the farm, where they were to be cooped and shipped to the city market.

Texas is, perhaps, today the greatest turkey state in the Union. Breeders of this state have taken first premiums at many of the national shows during the past few years, and the industry has thrived wonderfully in the mild climate of the state.

Turkeys in the southern states, where range is ample and the winters are mild, grow to an exceptionally large size, 25 to 35 pounds being a common weight for the prize birds.

400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman says:

"The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are so infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position."

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessible a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.

For illustrated literature and reduced railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent.

W. S. Nethery, Interurban Building, Columbus, Ohio

160 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

Virginia Farms and Homes
FREE CATALOGUE OF SPLENDID BARGAINS
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$10,000 Backs
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Guaranteed 1 year. Money refunded—freight paid both ways if unsatisfactory. Only $10, saw to which ripping table can be added. Operates easily. Catalogue free. Hertzler & Zook Co., Box 30 Belleville, Pa.
$10

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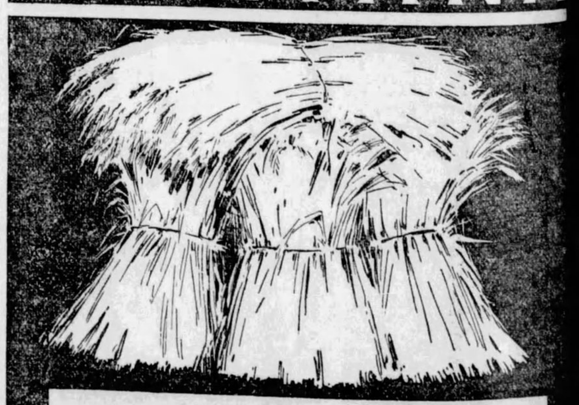
M. F. PFAELZER, & Co., 119 W. 29th St. (Desk 8), N. Y. City.
Satisfaction and Instant Returns Guaranteed.

MONTANA



More Wheat and Other Grain Per Acre

come from the fertile valleys of this vast treasure land than from any other state in the Union—grain that has taken the prize at many fairs and land shows for its superior quality.

There are millions of acres of ideal grain lands, irrigated and non-irrigated, awaiting enterprising farmers. This land can be bought for a third of the price asked for Middle West and Eastern land and yields double.

The opportunities Montana offers the energetic man with small capital are unlimited. Take advantage of these opportunities now and locate in Montana along the lines of the

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Secure full information from the undersigned. We will tell you where your experience should find its best opportunity and where not to go, and will also send you descriptive literature, containing maps and aluable data as to crops and yields, etc.

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H. F. HUNTER, General Agent, 613 Railway Exchange, CHICAGO

ECZEMA ON SCALP ITCHED AND BURNED

Would Fester and Come to Head. Could Not Sleep. Hair Fell Out. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Two Weeks.

R. F. D. No. 2, Seymour, Mo. — "My scalp broke out with fine pimples at the start. They itched and burned so much that I was compelled to scratch them and they would fester and come to a head and break out again. The trouble was attended by such burning and itching I could not sleep, also when I sweat it burned the same. My hair fell out gradually and the scalp kept rough and dry with itching and burning. After about two years the pimples broke out between my shoulders. My clothing irritated them. I was troubled with that eczema five or six years.

"I tried everything that was recommended without any benefit until I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment according to directions, and Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me sound and well in two weeks." (Signed) S. L. Killian, Nov. 22, 1912.

For pimples and blackheads the following is a most effective and economical treatment: Gently smear the affected parts with Cuticura Ointment, on the end of the finger, but do not rub. Wash off the Cuticura Ointment in five minutes with Cuticura Soap and hot water and continue bathing for some minutes. This treatment is best on rising and retiring. At other times use Cuticura Soap freely for the toilet and bath, to assist in preventing inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

DROPSY Short breath, swelling, relieved in a day or two, often entirely removed in 10 to 20 days. Write for Free Treatment and Book.
DR. FRANKLIN MILES, Box 603, ELKHART, IND.

Coal is about to be made the subject of the most elaborate treatise ever devoted to one mineral except iron. It is a 1,200-page book, with nearly 200 maps.

DRYS MAY HAVE PLATFORM PLANK

Big Parties Forced to Concern Themselves With Prohibition.

By J. A. Mathews.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Prohibition of the liquor traffic as a national issue has been thrust upon the attention of congress in a manner that promises to make trouble in a political way in the near future. It already is apparent that the leaders of the three parties will find it impossible to evade taking sides on this question, and the prediction is made that one of the parties will adopt prohibition as an issue in the national campaign of 1916. The Progressives have taken up a number of so-called "moral issues," and the general expectation is that the party will incorporate a temperance plank in its platform in 1916, if in that year it operates independently of the Republican organization.

Congress has been fighting shy of prohibition for years, but the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Anti-Saloon League and other religious and semi-religious organizations have adopted a militant course that is bound to result in action one way or another. The temperance advocates no longer demand laws in regulation of the liquor traffic. They demand that it shall be destroyed through the medium of a constitutional amendment, and political leaders admit that all signs point to a campaign to attain this end that will be waged with persevering energy. Prohibitionists concede that the fight will be a long one, but they profess absolute confidence that the outcome will be just as they would have it.

Prohibition was fought out in congress for years over bills forbidding the shipment of intoxicating liquors into so-called "dry" territory. These measures were bitterly opposed, but finally a law was passed in the last congress that makes it unlawful to transport liquor into states where its sale is prohibited and gives the power of seizure of liquor so shipped. This represented a compromise between the advocates of absolute prohibition and those who wanted to regulate, but who were not favorable to suppression. It was thought that the passage of this law would for a time at least silence those who advocated prohibition by amendment to the federal constitution.

The temper of congress on the liquor question when forced to act is strikingly shown in a number of recent incidents. In the last congress, after years of obstruction, a vote was had on the bill forbidding shipments of intoxicating liquors to dry territory. It was passed by a practically unanimous vote. In the same congress an excise law was imposed on the city of Washington that is said to be the most drastic act of the kind ever passed in this country. Under this law no liquor is ever sold in the prohibition hours, and the number of saloons in operation is gradually being diminished, especially in the resident sections of the city.

Representative Richmon P. Hobson of Alabama, and Senator Morris Sheppard, of Texas, are the leading advocates in congress. Mr. Sheppard was elected to the senate on a Prohibition platform. Mr. Hobson is seeking election to the senate in Alabama on the temperance issue. He made the issue, and his opponent, Oscar W. Underwood, has found it impossible to evade it.

Hobson and Sheppard are crusaders. Strongly religious, they have entered into the temperance fight with enthusiasm, and they are devoting all their time to it.

Senator Sheppard and Representative Hobson have presented the prohibition petition and the constitutional amendment that proposes to give it effect, and they intend that the campaign thus started shall be waged in season and out of season. The first practical test of the question at the polls will be made in Alabama next spring, when primaries will be held for the selection of a senatorial candidate. Hobson has made this the issue in that state, and his election would be regarded by Prohibitionists as a victory for the cause.

FAVORS PLAN TO SHIELD JEWS

State Department for Inquiry Into Events in Roumania.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Approval of the state department, it was learned last night, has practically been given to a resolution introduced in the house of by Representative J. Hampton Moore of Pennsylvania, requesting the government to consult with the powers relative to alleged persecution of Jews in the kingdom of Roumania and report the results to congress.

Independence was granted Roumania under the treaty of Berlin on condition that citizens of that country be granted civil and religious liberty.

It is charged by the American Jewish committee of New York and other Jewish organizations that the terms of the treaty have been violated and that the Jews in that country, far from enjoying civil and religious liberty, are being persecuted and that the powers signatory to the treaty have ignored the conditions.

TELEGRAPH VIA PHONE WIRES

Representative Plans Federal Ownership at $200,000,000 Saving.

Washington, Dec. 17.—The bill for government ownership of telephone lines drawn by Representative David J. Lewis of Maryland, who has been in conference with President Wilson and Postmaster General Albert S. Burleson, provides a federal telegraph system shall be established by attaching telegraph instruments to the telephone wires, which will be used for both telegrams and verbal messages.

By this eliminating the purchase of the telegraph companies Mr. Lewis figures the government can save at least $200,000,000. He believes that less than $900,000,000 will buy the telephone system of the country.

Neither President Wilson nor Mr. Burleson has yet given his approval to the Lewis scheme.

WIFE OF PATRICK IS DEAD

Devoted Whole Time and $50,000 to Free Husband.

Tulsa, Okla., Dec. 19.—Mrs. Albert T. Patrick, whose husband served 12 years in Sing Sing prison as the alleged murderer of William Marsh Rice, died here today. Patrick and their children were at the bed side.

Mrs. Patrick, as Mrs. Addie M. Francis, was married to Patrick soon after his conviction for the murder of Rice. For the ensuing 12 years she devoted her entire time and expended $50,000 in efforts to prove Patrick's innocence and gain a pardon for him.

SILK VELOUR HATS

Rich glossy finish, stitched, soft, flexible brim; silk band. The Young Man's hat. Everybody is wearing them. Your size in black, blue, brown, gray or green by mail postpaid $1.50. You are sure to like it. Your money back if you want it.

THOMAS BROTHERS, Ripley, West Virginia

Prescribed by physicians for eighteen years

Resinol

the skin treatment that acts instantly

YOU don't have to *wonder* if Resinol is doing you good, you *know*, because the first application stops the itching and your tortured skin feels cool and comfortable at last. Won't *you* try the easy Resinol way to heal eczema or other eruption?

Every druggist sells Resinol

Heals skin eruptions, clears away pimples and blackheads, and is a most valuable household remedy for sores, burns, boils, piles, etc. For sample, write to Resinol, Dept. F, Baltimore, Md.

Winslow to Command the Atlantic Fleet

Admiral WINSLOW

Washington, Dec. 20.—Rear Admiral Cameron Winslow is to succeed Rear Admiral Badger, commander of the Atlantic fleet, the latter soon to reach the retirement age.

Admiral Winslow is a sea fighter of recognized ability, and his familiarity with Mexican waters will enable him to do thoroughly effective work in case of any clash between the Huerta government and the United States.

Santa Claus Letter That Tumulty Got

Washington, Dec. 17.—When Santa Claus makes his rounds in Jersey City this Christmas he surely will not forget to visit the home of Little Leona, who has written him a pathetic little plea not to be overlooked. She addressed the letter "In care Mr. Tumulty, President Wilson's head man."

"Dear Sandy Claus—Mother says that you won't call to us this Christmas," little Leona wrote, "as we are too poor for you to get down to 272 Washington street, as you won't have anything left when you leave the Hill, so, Dear Sandy Claus, try and save me a big doll and a Big Karrage for it to ride in, and anything you like, Sandy Dear, you can bring. Our stocking will be hung up in the basement. Will leave the window open for you, as the chimery is to smal for you to come down. Wee all wish you a merry chrismass and a happy new year good mister Sandy claus don't forget and come, and come Sandy Clauss to us 3 children, we live in the basement."

The touching little appeal was enclosed in a letter to Secretary Tumulty, asking to be excused for addressiig him, as mother says "you are always bussy," but "mother is out of work."

HITS RULE OF WOMEN FIRST

Seamen Bill Assigns All Passengers, Regardless of Sex, to Boats.

Washington, Dec. 22.—"The unwritten law of the sea, sacred since man first braved the elements, that women and children shall receive first consider tion in time of danger is repudiated and eliminated by the La Follette Seamen's bill, defects and gross inaccuracies of which have come to light daily."

This is the statement of H. W. Thorp, vice president and general manager of the Goodrich Transist Co., Chicago, and chairman of the Lake Michigan Steamboat lines. Mr. Thorp was in Washington with more than 100 other members of the Association of Passenger and Steamboat lines, attending daily hearings on the bill before the merchant marine and fisheries committee.

Men Must Take Plaes.

"Page 16, Lines 22 to 23 inclusive, Senate Bill 136, set forth," said Mr. Thorp, "the manner in which all passengers, regardless of sex, shall be assigned to lifeboat seats upon boarding the ship.

"If complied with, this means that in the event of emergency men must take their alloted places regardless of how many women or children remain behind. And what would be done with seat checks if one boat was crushed before launching?

"If ignored, as it would be by every American man, whether he is a sailor or a John Jacob Astor, the provision would simply involve additional work and confusion in making the seat assignments. This would further needlessly complicate the boat management already made impossible by other provisions of the La Follette bill.

"Filled With Absurditics."

"The bill is filled with similar absurdities which are cloaked beneath the 'safety at sea' slogan. Able seamen' are privided for without restriction as to what their efficiency may be. Life rafts and life preservers are ignored.

"The bill has obviously been drawn by a man (Andrew Furuseth) who has never visited the Great Lakes, bays and sounds on which we carried 32,000,000 passengers in 1912 without losing one.

"We are urging all interested parties to write their congressmen immediately, protesting against the bill and urging that the Great Lakes, bays and sounds be exempted."

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

On the map the area of Canada seems to be double that of the United States, whereas Canada has 3,729,665 square miles as against 3,026,789 of continental United States without Alaska.

WANTS WIRELESS ON LAKE BOATS

Committee Lays Stress on That Feature in Quizzing Vessel Men.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Wireless for every steamer on the Great Lakes, passenger and freight, now seems to be the idea of the house committee on merchant marine and fisheries, before which the passenger steamboat men of the Great Lakes, the bays and sounds are laying their protests against the La Follette seamen's bill. This is indicated by the well evidenced inclination of the committee so to amend the seamen's bill for all classes of steamers, saving, of course, river and harbor steamers, as to require a wireless outfit.

The questions asked generally by the committeemen show them to be in serious doubt as to the real value of the La Follette bill as a provision for the greater protection of life at sea.

Testimony was given by A. A. Schantz, general manager of the Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Co., and by Frank E. Kirby, vessel designer of Detroit.

Schantz stated that the 10 boats of his line are already equipped to comply with every requirement of the proposed seamen's bill from the opening of navigation in April until the middle of May, and from the middle of October until the end of the season of navigation in December. Schantz explained the fact that his boats have all carried wireless from the outset and without having been required to install it by the government.

As to lifeboats, Mr. Schantz stated that, after the Titanic disaster, Mr. Kirby was called in and asked to go over the entire fleet and to put on all the lifeboats and life rafts that could possibly be installed without endangering the stability of the boats. Such extra lifeboats as could be added were put on.

"Ninety per cent of the late passenger steamboats," Schantz said, "could not comply with the terms of the proposed law. Every boat has been built according to the regulations of the steamboat inspection service."

Lost No Passengers.

"But you have accidents, don't you?" was asked.

"In all of my connection with the Detroit and Cleveland companies, and that covers 33 years," Mr. Schantz answered, "we have never lost a life of a passenger, save by suicide. If you pass this legislation you put the passenger boat out of commission and drive the traffic to the railroads, which are not as safe as the water routes—the railroads kill 20 persons to every one lost on the water."

Mr. Kirby said the present lifeboat requirements for lake steamers are sufficient in view of the universal close proximity of other vessels. He said it was possible to add additional ballast to most of the lake ships so as to allow the increase of the lifeboat capacity without threatening the stability of the vessels, but that to do so would reduce the passenger and cargo capacity of the ships so as to make them commercially unsuccessful.

ROOT WON'T BE PRESIDENT

Would Be Too Old to Serve, He Avers.

Washington, Dec. 17. — During the currency debate in the senate today, Senator Root, of New York, replying to Democratic criticisms, announced that he had no Presidential aspirations, and would not take the Republican nomination if it were offered to him.

"My friends who have made there kindly suggestions forget," said Senator Root, "that before this administration comes to a close, I will have reached the age of 72 years; that before the next administration could complete its service I would have reached the age of 76. It would be manifestly impossible that I should be President of the United States."

COST 792 989 FOR MAINE

War Department Spent Fortune Raising Battleship.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Raising the old battleship Maine from Havana harbor cost the United States $792,989, according to a report sent to the house of representatives by the war department. This includes the transportation to and burial of the bodies of more than 200 of her crew in Arlington.

AFRAID OF POTATOES

This Country May Bar Out European Varities.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Whether common Irish potatoes from Canada, Newfoundland, Great Britain, Ireland and continental Europe shall be barred from the United States because of the danger of importation of dangerous plant diseases or shall be admitted under the same restrictions as apply to nursery stock, was the subject of a hearing today before the federal horticultural board at the direction of Secretary Houston.

T. P. Gill, secretary of agriculture for Ireland, Dr. H. T. Gussow, an expert of the Canadian department of agriculture, and G. F. O'Halloran, deputy minister of agriculture of Canada, were among those who spoke in favor of the admission of foreign potatoes.

Representations have been made to the American department of agriculture that in view of the short domestic potato crop caused by last summer's drought, the exclusion of foreign potatoes would go far toward raising prices in the United States.

At the outset, Secretary Houston said the question under consideration was not the lifting of an embargo against diseased potatoes, but whether a quarantine should be absolute or administered in such a way as to admit the entry of potatoes properly passed upon by government experts.

Senators and representatives in congress from many states protested against any policy whereby diseased potatoes might get into the country. A few members, however, urged that it would be wise to permit the entry of foreign potatoes in the hope of reducing high prices of food.

Dr. Gussoo declared that United States experts had not made a sufficient investigation of the potato crop in his country upon which to base a recommendation that the whole crop should be barred from this country because of disease.

The MELTING OF MOLLY

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

never had before. Now, Molly, do put him between you and her, sort of cornered, so he can't even see Ruth Chester. She is too old for him." And Tom's mother looked at me over the orange peel as to a confederate.

"Humph, I'd like to see you or Molly or any woman 'corner' Tom Pollard," said Mrs. Johnson with a wry smile as she tasted the concoction in the wine glass.

"I have to put him at the head of the table because he is my kinsman and the only host I've got at present, Aunt Bettie," I said regretfully. I always take every chance to rub in Tom's and my relationship on Aunt Bettie, so she won't notice our flirtation.

"I'd put John Moore at the head of the table if I were you, Molly Carter, because he's about the only man you've invited that has got any sense left since you and that Chester girl took to visiting Hillsboro. He's a host of steadiness in himself and the way he ignores all you women, who run after him if he would let you, shows what he is. He has my full confidence," and as she delivered herself of this judgment of Doctor John, Mrs. Johnson drove in all the corks tight and began to pound spice.

"He's not out of the widower-woods yet, Caroline," said Aunt Bettie with her most speculative smile. "I have about decided on him for Ruth since the judge has taken to following Molly about as bad as Billy Moore does. But don't you all say a word, for John's mighty timid, and I don't believe, in spite of all these years, he's had a single notion yet. If he had had he'd have tried a set-to with you, Molly, like all the rest of the shy birds in town. He doesn't see a woman as anything but a patient at the end of a spoon, and mighty kind and gentle he does the dosing of them, too. Just the other day—dearie me, Judy, what has boiled over now?" And in the excitment that ensued I ecsaped to the garden.

Yes, Aunt Bettie is right about Doctor John; he doesn't see a woman, and there is no way to make him. What she had said about it made me realize that he had always been like that, and I told myself that there was no reason in the world why my heart should beat in my slippers on that account. Still I don't see why Ruth Chester should have her head literally thrown against that stone wall and I wish Aunt Bettie wouldn't. It seemed like a desecration even to try to match-make him and it made me hot with indignation all over. I dug so fiercely at the roots of my phlox with a trowel I had picked up that they groaned so loud I could almost hear them. I felt as if I must operate on something. And it was in this mood that Alfred's letter found me.

It had a surprise in it and I sat back on the grass and read it with my heart beating like a trip-hammer. He had sailed the day he had posted it and he was due to arrive in New York almost as soon as it did, just any hour now I calculated in a flash. And "from New York immediately to Hillsboro," he had written in words that fairly sung themselves off the paper. I was frightened—so frightened that the letter shook in my hands, and with only the thought of being sure that I might be alone for a few minutes with it, I fled to the garret.

Surely no woman ever in the world read such a letter as that, and no wonder my breath almost failed me. It was a love-letter in which the cold paper was transubstantiated into a heart that beat against mine and I bowed my head over it as I wet it with tears. I knew then that I had taken his coming back lightly; had fussed over it and been silly-proud of it while not really caring at all. All that awful melting away of my fatness seemed just a lack of confidence in his love for me; he wouldn't have minded if I weighed five hundred, I felt sure. He loved me—really, really, really; and I had sat and weighed him with a lot of men who were nothing more than amused by my flightiness, or taken with my beauty, and who wouldn't have known such love if it were shown to them through a telescope.

I reached into a trunk that stood right beside me and took out a box that I hadn't looked into for years. His letters were all there and his photographs that were as handsome as the young god of love himself. I could hardly see them through my tears, but I knew that they were dim in places with being cried over when I had put them away years ago after Aunt Adeline decided that I was to be married. I kissed the poor little-girl cry-spots; and with that a perfect flood of tears rose to my eyes—but they didn't fall, for there, right in front of me, stood a more woe-stricken human being than I could possibly be, if I judged by appearances.

"Molly, Molly," gulped Billy, "I am so sick I'm going to die here on the floor," and he sank into my arms.

"Oh, Billy, what is the matter?" I gasped and gave him a little terrified shake.

"Mamie Johnson did it—poked her finger down her throat and mine, too," he wailed against my breast. "We was full of things folks gived us to eat and couldn't eat no more. She said if we did that with our fingers it would all come up and we would have room for some more then. She did it and I'm going to die dead—dead!"

"No, no, lover; you'll be all right in a second. Stay quiet here in your Molly's lap and you will be well in just a few minutes," I said with a smile I hid in his yellow mop as I kissed the drake-tail kiss-spot. "Where's Mamie?" I thought to ask with the greatest apprehension.

"In the garden eating cup-cake Judy baked hot for both of us. She didn't frow up as much as I did—or maybe more." He answered, snuggling close and much comforted.

"Don't ever, ever do that again, Billy," I said, giving him both a hug and a shake. "It's piggy to eat more than you can hold and then still want more. What would your father say?"

"Doc ain't no good and I don't care what he says," answered Billy with spirit. "He don't play no more and he don't laugh no more and he don't eat no more hardly, too. I ain't a-going to live in that house with him more'n two days longer. I want to come over and sleep in your bed with blue ribbons on the posts and have you to play with me, Molly."

"Don't say that, lover, ever again," I said as I bent over him. "Your father is the best man in the world, and you must never, never leave him."

"I bet I will, when I get big enough to kill a bear," answered Billy decidedly. "Say, do you reckon Mamie saved even a little piece of that cake? I 'spect I had better go see," and he slipped out of my arms and was gone before I could hold him.

It is a lonely house across the garden with the big and the tiny man in it all by themselves! And tears, from another corner of my heart entirely, rose to my eyes at the thought, but they, too, never fell, for I heard Mrs. Johnson calling and I had to run down quick and see what new delicacy had arrived for my party.

Uncle Thomas Pollard has sent me a quart bottle of his private stock with the mesage to put the mint to soak just one hour and 20 minutes before the men cafe. I made room for it beside the case of champagne on the cellar shelf and wondered how they would stand it all. We don't have champagne often in Hillsboro, and when we do nobody seems to want to cut down on the juleps, consequently—well, nothing ever really happens! However, it must have ben the champange that made Tom act as he did. He was never like that before.

Somehow I didn't enjoy dressing tonight for my dinner as I did for the dance, and when I was through I stood before the mirror and looked at myself a long time. I was very tall and slim and—well, I suppose I might say regal in that amethyst crepe with the soft rose-point, but I looked to myself about the eyes as I had been doing for years when I put on my Sunday clothes to go to church with Mr. Carter. He was always in a hurry and I didn't care about looking at myself in the mirror anyway; nobody else ever looked at me and what was the use? And tonight that Rene triumph made me feel no different from one of Miss Hettie Primm's conceptions that I had been wearing for ages with indifference and total lack of style. I shurgged my shoulder almost out of the dress with what I though was sadness, though it felt a trifle like temper, too, and went on down into the garden to see if any of my flowers had a cheer-up message for me.

But it was a bored garden I stepped into just as the last purple flush of day was being drunk down by the night. The tall white lilies laid their heads over on my breast and went to sleep before I had said a word to them, and the nasturtiums snarled around my feet until they got my slipers stained with green. Only Billy's bachelor's-button stood up stiff and sturdy, slightly flushed with imbibing the night dew, and tipped me an impertinent wink. I felt cheered at thes ight of them and bent down to gather a bunch of them to wear, even if they did swear at my amethyst draperies, when an amused smile that was done out loud came from the path just behind me.

"Don't gather them all tonight, Mrs. Peaches," said Doctor John teasingly, as he stooped beside me. "Leave a few for—for the others." I waked up in a half-second and so did all those prying flowers, I felt sure.

"I was just gathering them for place bouquets for —for the girls," I said stupidly as I moved over a little nearer to him. Why is it that the minute that man comes near me I get warm and comfortable and stupid, and as young as Bi—, and bubbly and sad and happy and cross is more than I can say, but I do. I never possibly know how to answer any remark that he may happen to make unless it is something that makes me lose my temper. His next remark was the usual spark.

"Better give them the run of the garden—alone, Mrs. Molly. No show for 'em unless you do," he said laughingly, "or the buttons' either," he added under his breath so I could just hear it. I wish Mrs. Johnson could have heard how soft his voice lingered over that little half-sentence. She is so experienced she could have told me if it meant—but of course he isn't like other men!

There are lots of questions I'm going to ask Alfred after I'm married to him—Mr. Carter didn't know anything about anything and I never cared to ask him, but I wonder how you know when—

"Oh, you Molly," came a hail in Tom's voice fom the gate, just as I was making up my mind to try and think up something to wither the doctor with, and he and Ruth Chester came up the front walk to meet us. I wondered why I was having a party in my house when being alone in my garden with just a neighbor was so much more fun, but I had to begin to enjoy myself right off, for in a few minutes all the rest came.

I don't think I ever saw my house look so lovely before. Mrs. Johnson had put all the flowers out of hers and Mrs. Cain's garden all over everything and the table was a mass of soft spring roses that were shedding perfume and nodding at one another in their most society manner. There is no glimmer in the world like that which comes from really old polished silver and rosewood and mahogany, and one's great-great-grandmother's hand-woven linen feels like oriental silk across one's knees.

Suddenly I felt very stately and granddamely and responsible as I looked at them all across the roses and sparkling glasses. They were lovely women, all of them, and could such men be found anywhere else in the world? When I left them all to go out into the big universe to meet the distinctions that I knew my husband would have for me, would I sit at salt with people who loved me like this. I saw Pet Budford say something to Tom about me that I know was lovely from the way he smiled at me, and the judge's eyes were a full cup for any woman to have offered her. Then in a flash all the love fragrance seemed to go to my head—Tom's mixing of that julep had been skillful, too—and tears rose to my eyes, and there I might have been crying at my own party if I hadn't felt a strong warm hand laid on mine as it rested on my lap and Doctor John's kind voice teased into my ears: "Steady, Mrs. Peaches, there's the loving cup to come yet," he whispered. I hated him, but held on to his thumb tight for half a minute. He didn't know what the matter really was, but he understood what I needed. He always does.

And after that everybody had a good time, the ginger barber and Judy as much as anybody, and I could see Aunt Bettie and Mrs. Johnson peeping in the pantry door, having the time of their lives, too.

That dinner was going like an airship on a high wind, when something happened to tangle its tail feathers and I can hardly write it for trembling yet. It was a simple little blue telegram, but it might have been nitro glycerin on a tear for the way it acted. It was for me, but the ginger barber handed it to Tom and he opened it and, looking at me over his full—after many times emptied—glass, he solemnly read it out loud. It said:

"Landed this noon. Have I your permission to come to Hillsboro immediately? Answer. Alfred."

It was dreadful! Nobobdy said a word and Tom laid the telegram right down in his plate, where it immediately began to soak up the dressing of his salad. He was so white and shaky that Pet looked at him in amazement, and then I am sure she had the good sense to find his hand under the cloth and hold it, for his shoulder hovered against hers and the color came back to his face as he smiled down at her. I don't believe I'll ever get the courage to look at Tom again until he marries Pet, which he'll do now, I feel sure.

And as for the judge and Ruth Chester, I was glad they were sitting beside each other, for I could avoid that side of the table with my eyes until I had steadied myself a few seconds at least. The surprise made the others I had been dining seem statues from the stone age, and only Mr. Graves' fork failed to hang fire. His appetite is as strong as his nerves and Delia Hawes looked at his composure with the relief plain in her eyes. Henrietta's smile in the judge's direction was doubtful. But they were not all my lovers and wh ythat awful silence?

I couldn't say a word, and I am sure I didn't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for the doctor. He leaned forward and his deep eyes came out in their wonderful way and seemed to collect every pair of eyes at the table, even the most astounded, as he raised his glass. We all held our breaths and waited for him to speak.

"No wonder we are all stricken dumb at Mrs. Carter's telegram," he said in his deep voice that commands everybody and everything, even the terrors of birth and death. "The whole town will be paralyzed at the news that its most distinguished citizen is only going to give them two days to get ready to receive him. I can see the panic the brass band will have now getting the brass shined up, and I want to be the one to tell Mayor Pollard myself, so as to suggest to him to have at least a two-hour speech of welcome to hand out at the train. We'll make it one 'hot time' for him when he lands in the old town, and here's to him, God bless him. Every glass high!" They all drank and I suppose it helped them. I wish I could have drained a quart, but I couldn't swallow a sip, though I did a good stunt at pretending.

The rest of this evening has paid me off for every sin I have ever committed or am ever going to commit. Tom took Pet home early and I hoped they walked in the moonlight for hours. Tom is the kind of man that any pretty girl who is loving enough in the moonlight could comfort for anything. I'm not at all worried about him, but—

The hour I sat on my front steps and talked to Judge Wade must have brought gray hairs to my head if it was daylight and I could see them. Ruth Chester had said goodby with the loveliest haunted look in her great dark eyes and I had felt as if I had killed something that was alive and that I hadn't killed it enough. Doctor John had been called from his coffee to a patient and had gone with just a friendly word of good night, and the others had at last left the judge and me alone—also in the moonlight, which I wished in my heart somebody would put out.

They say among the lawyers that its a good thing that Benton Wade is on the bench, for it is no use to try a case against him when he has the handling of a jury. He just looks them in the face and tells them how to vote. Tonight he looked me in the face and told me how to marry, and I'm not sure yet that I won't do as he says. Of course, I'm in love with Alfred, but if he wants me he had better get me away quick before the judge makes all his arrangements. A woman loves to be courted with poems and flowers and deference, but she's mighty apt to marry the man who says, "Don't argue, but put on your bonnet and come with me." The fact that it was too late to get into the clerk's office saved me tonight, but in two days—

Oh, I'm crying, crying in my heart, which is worse than in my eyes, as I sit and look across my garden, where the cold moon is hanging low over the tall trees behind the doctor's house and his light in his room is burning warm and bright. They are right; he doesn't care if I am going away for ever with Alfred. His quick toast to him and the lovely warm look he poured over poor frightened me at his side, as he drank his champagne, told me that once and for all. Still we have been so close together over his baby and I have grown so dependent on him for so many things that it cuts into me like a hot knife that he shouldn't care if he lost me—even for a neighbor. I shouldn't mind not having any husband if I could always live close by him and Billy like this, and if I married Judge Wade I could at least have him for a family physician. No—I don't like that! Of course I'm going with Alfred now that an accident has made me announce the fact to the whole town before he even knows it himself, but wherever I go that light in the room with that lonely man is going to burn in my heart. Hope it will throw a glow over Alfred!

To Be Continued.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

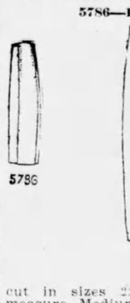
The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5623.—Ladies' and Misses' Night Gown.

Made with the simple square yoke in front and back the balance of the material gathered to give the necessary fullness to the skirts. Plain sleeves are gathered into a band cuff at the wrist. Night gowns are made not only of muslin and cambric, but also of flannel, silk, crepe, etc. The pattern is cut in sizes 30 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch material.

5786—Ladies' Skirt.



This is a five gore model with closing at the side of the front gore. The back is in panel effect, with a tuck edge stitched down to about knee depth. The high or regulation waistline may be used. Serge, cheviot or wool eponge will make nice skirts of this style.

The pattern is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3 yards of 44 inch material.

5906—Misses' Dress.

Easily made and suitable for many purposes, this dress has a plain blouse with an ornamental revere, a tuck at the shoulders in front and back and a plain six gore skirt. It will develop well in velveteen, ratine, wool eponge and other woolen fabrics.

The pattern is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 4 yards of 44-in. material.

5945—Girls' Dress.

Made with the much liked middy coat, having a double breasted closing, high neck and roll collar. The kilt skirt is attached to an underwaist. These frocks are made of serge, cheviot and wash materials.

The pattern is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 3 yards of 44 in. material, with ½ yard of 27 inch contrasting goods for trimming and ½ yard of 36 inch lining for underwaist.

5430.—Boys' Blouse.

A novel blouse cut in a single piece, with a seam under the arm and on the under side of the sleeve. It opens in front with the usual banner. A good model for madras, percale, muslin and the like. The pattern is in sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Medium size requires 1¼ yards of 36-inch material.

5688—Ladies' House Dress.

A simple model, the plain blouse having a tuck at each shoulder in front and back, the latter full length. The five gore skirt opens at the side of the front. Wool eponge, ratine, cashmere and serge as well as wash materials will be suitable for this style.

The pattern is cut in sizes 32 to 42 in. bust measure. Medium size requires 5½ yds. of 36 in. material.

6480—Child's Dress.

A simple frock for little girls, made with a plain blouse closed in front, with round neck trimmed with a collar of medium size and with plain sleeves that may be either long or short. The pleated skirt has a panel front, with closing at one side of it. A good style for wash fabrics serge, eponge and the like.

The pattern is cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Medium size requires 2⅜ yards of 36 inch material.

6472.—Ladies' Waist.

This plain shirt waist has a double breasted closing and a high neck finish with an ornamental collar. The sleeve is the regulation shirt sleeve, ending in a cuff at the wrist. Velveteen, flannel, serge or silk can be used in making. The pattern is cut in sizes 34 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

6830—Ladies' One-Piece Kitchen Apron.

Very quickly made, fitted by short dart under the arm and suitable for gingham, percale and other wash materials and also for silliantine, which also washes. The pattern is cut in sizes 32, 36, 40 and 44 inch bust measure. Medium size requires 4 yards of 36 in. material.

A smoking tree is one of the natural wonders of Ono, Japan. Strange to say, it smokes only in the evening, just after sunset, and the smoke issues from the top of the trunk.

FOR WOMEN ONLY

Do You Feel This Way? → Backache or Headache, Dragging Down Sensations, Nervous—Drains—Tenderness Low Down.

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1913.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is especially prepared for the American home.

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Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

President Wilson's conscience isn't boss when the doctor is around.

The only good thing about a giggle is that time may convert it into a smile.

Nobody can remember when Santa Claus looked lean enough to button his own shoes.

Envoy John Lind has but one arm, and yet it might not be safe for Huerta to try to kiss him.

English suffragettes must carry a match and a piece of sandpaper with them wherever they go.

Reverting to dollar diplomacy—but for no special reason—is there such a thing as 98-cent diplomacy?

Harry Thaw must begin to have about the same taste for experts that a small boy has for castor oil.

The British scientist who says wearing clothes is a bad habit should be patient. We are getting away from it.

Every man who was young once ought to have a place in his heart big enough for a small boy and a toy drum.

Aunt Hetty Green is now 78 years of age and in good health and spirits. Every day she lives is a vindication of the onion.

The spot on the sun is countless thousands of square miles bigger than Toledo's illuminated slogan, but it isn't as spectacular.

If stories of all the good things done were published, like the bad ones, nobody would doubt that the world is growing better.

Lincoln Beachey says the aeroplanes the government is using are unsafe. Maybe he has the law of gravity in mind.

When Thomas A. Edison stops work he becomes sick. The great inventor could overcome that by working for somebody else at $1.75 a day.

Now they are saying that young David didn't slay Goliath of Gath. Next we may hear that Billy Patterson kicked himself in the face.

To those who find it possible to get up early enough, a soothing poem before buckwheat cakes and sausage will help to make the day a success.

The quotation, "By their fruits ye shall know them," doesn't make things look very bright for the man who invented the Ben Davis apple.

For two or three nights after Christmas daddy likes to have the children go to bed early, so he can get a chance to play with the new toys.

An English specialist says being in love is a form of mental poisoning for which he has discovered a serum. But most victims will fall back on the old remedy—matrimony.

The heliocentric conjunction of the earth and Saturn is said to have caused the big sun spot. The explanation is so simple that almost anybody might have thought of it.

Probably a young man ought to know the tightly-hobbled young lady pretty well before thinking of her as the evening cloud floating in the sky of his dreams, as the poet would say.

An astronomer has found a spot on the sun, the area of which is more than four hundred billion square miles. Our old friend, John Busby, could base a weather prediction on a spot like that.

Elihu Root declares that he would not accept the Republican presidential nomination if it were given to him. This will be a great disappointment to Andrew Carnegie, who had selected Elihu for the big job.

An Ohio editor has been trying to imagine what he would do if he were a sunbeam. Probably he thinks he would creep into the soul of some poet, but it's our opinion that he would try to shine on the bald head of Uncle John Rockefeller.

"Long-haired men and short-haired women have always been a positive detriment to the advance of any cause they may advocate," says one thoughtless writer. Leaving the women out of consideration, the statement doesn't seem quite fair to such men as George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Sir Isaac Newton and John Wesley.

"The loveless age will arrive," says a Chicago doctor, "when the doctrines of eugenics is generally applied, and that is not far distant." That means the end of poetry and romance. The fiction writers will have to go out of business, and people will read life insurance statistics, the Congressional Record and the City Directory.

A QUARREL AMONG GOOD-ROADERS.

The good roads movement received a tremendous impetus when the automobile makers and the automobile users joined it. They made it a duty for the nation where before it had been left to the responsibility and enterprise of state and county and township. To the mass provided by the agricultural interests was added the energy and persistence of men accustomed to get what they went after. The farming interests will have to admit that the reinforcement has been of immense value in the promotion of good roads.

It would be a pity then to see these two forces fall out. It would, indeed, prove disastrous to the movement and—if the quarrel continued—would prove a check to progress as woeful as pestilence. Yet it does seem as if the two were on the point of severing partnership. According to the Star Farmer of St. Louis, the automobilists are merely trying to get appropriations for the building of great boulevards, costing thousands of dollars a mile. This, says the Star Farmer, will result in the betterment of only the relatively small number of farm-folk living along these proposed trunk lines, while leaving the far greater number of farmers to haul "their produce a quarter of a load at a time through the mud and over steep hills." The small farmer, says the journal, is going to take his stand on the proposition that "preference should be given to the improvement of roads over which products of the farm can be taken to the nearest railroad station."

The situation seems to call for compromise. Simply patching up many thousands of miles of roads would not extend the touring area for the automobilists. Building city-pavement roads means great expenditure that actually benefits only a comparatively few automobilists as well as a comparatively few farmers. Between the boulevard scheme and cobbing idea is the right road—and the continuation of a powerful combination of interests.

OF HOME MANUFACTURE.

The English visitor writes articles and books in scornful criticism of Americans because that is the traditional English thing to do, a part of the conventional life over there harmonizing with taking a cold tub in the morning and proving a bad loser at international sport. But this writing is in an amateur way only. The English critic merely follows custom, not the command to labor in order to live.

No, it has been one of our own countrymen who has developed the criticism of Americans into a profession. This is Mr. William Hard, working just at present for Everybody's Magazine. His is muckraking, for the honored terms and pharses of muckraking are freely employed. From the latest "exposure" by Mr. Hard, one learns that inventions and processes which have been credited to American industrial engineers have simply been copied from inventions and processes devised in Enrope. We are, says Mr. Hard, not only in ignorance of the achievement of the foreigner, but ignorant of our own ignorance. In scientific technique we are, he insists, lost in the dust of the foreign competitor.

Mr. Hard ought to flourish in his profession. We have come upon the statement somewhere that books about America, written after our English guests have gone home, sell very well on this side. It appears to be our way to like reading matter of the kind we are sure that the American people, if only out of patriotism, would patronize the home product in preference to the foreign, even if they were quite aware that Mr. Hard made faces at his friends and neighbors just for the money there was in it for him.

AFTER COAL IS GONE.

The time when the coal mines of the world will be exhausted has been calculated and reckoning time by generations exhaustion is not far away. The vast fabric of civilization built upon the energy in coal will fall to shreds unless new forms of energy are developed and made easily applicable to all the needs of mankind.

But no one can really doubt that this development will be brought about. Only slightly has the energy of the winds been made use of, probably nothing has been done so far as storing it so it can be used as wanted or accumulating it so it can be employed for great labors as well as for the comparatively small task of pumping water. Less than one per cent of the power in water falls and rapids is utilized in this country it is said, and no use has been made of the ordinary flow of streams. Harnessing the tides and the waves is yet to be done. The heat in sun-light has been made to perform work only in a few isolated places. There is still that slow process of radio-activity to be made a fast process and suitable for commonplace requirements.

Accident, study, the sharp spur of necessity, have given us dominion over steam and electricity. These same helpmates of humanity will protect us when coal can no longer be mined at reasonable cost.

A RIVAL TO THE STANDARD.

It was not until within the last few years that the British financiers discovered oil. They had, no doubt, looked with envy upon the Americans who had got in upon the ground floor in the Standard Oil company and they compared the fortunes out of the Kimberley diamond mines with the fortunes out of the petroleum wells of Baku, to the belittleing of the diamonds. But these were good things out of their reach and they did not hope to have such spouting fountains of gold for themselves.

Now, however, the British financial world is deep in oil. It is greasy with it. The Pearson interests ran a day ahead of the Standard and obtained the concession for developing the oil fields in eastern Mexico, the richest in the world. They sent out expeditions which found signs of oil in Colombia and they have sought to gain the exclusive right in that country for drilling wells. Contracts of the same sort are said to have been signed with Central American republics and only the other day Lord Murray, diplomatist of the pearsons, crossed at Panama and went down to the west coast of South America to induce Peru to let wells be sunk.

The river of dollars which runs through the offices of the Standard thousands of square miles bigger than But it is very likely to take a smaller position in financial geography as compared with the flood about to course through certain sumptuous offices in London.

WHEN TRAVEL WAS AN ORDEAL.

Traveling in the thirties of the last century, even in the more thickly settled states of the Union and with the most advanced forms of transportation at the traveler's command, was yet something to face with all the fortitude that could be drummed up. The Philadelphia Record gives a glimpse of what that traveling was like:

On November 26, 1833, a car made the first trip over the Portage railroad. This was the most remarkable engineering undertaking of the times. The railroad was 36 miles long, extending across the Alleghany mountains from Hollidaysburg to Johnstown. There were ten inclined planes, five on each side of the mountains. Engines at the top of each plane pulled up four cars at a time. The ascent on the east side measured 1,398 feet. Then there was a tunnel of 870 feet and a descent of 1,172 feet on the western side. Passengers on canal boats entered the cars at Hollidaysburg and were carried over the mountains, embarking in other boats on the western side and thus continuing their journey to Pittsburg. Later boats were built so that they could be taken apart into three or four sections and placed on a car for the trip over the mountains.

Folk who quarrel over the lateness of a train might feel better if they reminded themselves of what a boon their own belated transportation would have been to their grandparents.

MISSING MEN.

Nothing would seem easier for a man than to vanish from the ken of relative and acquaintance.

Racial prejudice does not amount to much any more. International lines are little guarded. Cities are large and not particularly concerned about the antecedents of new citizens. There are railroads and steamships and trolley cars to carry one anywhere. A change of name, a little change in one's habit as to clothes, the growing of a beard—these, it might seem, would be all that is necessary to build an insurmountable wall between a man and his past.

However, there are few actual and lasting disappearances. There are few cases on record in recent years where men have walked out of the doors of their homes and faded forever from the knowledge of their people. As these wanderers wander, neighbors go about and come upon them. Accidents bring their real names out. Many come into communication with their relatives through revelations in hospitals. There is always the blunt policeman and the suspicious detective asking questions. Hardest of all things for the rover to avoid and dodge is homesickness.

Missing men seldom stay missing.

Are You One of the People Who "Never Read Advertising"?

THE other night I was talking to a man who says he is a "good old-fashioned conservative"—whatever that means.

He doesn't "take much stock in new-fangled notions."

And among the many interesting things he told me, was the fact that HE DOESN'T READ ADVERTISING.

"Well, sir," said I, "if you wanted a collar, and didn't see any on display, what kind would you ask for?"

"Arrow," he said, promptly.

"And if you wanted a suit, what kind would you ask for?"

He named some widely known brands. Likewise, on the subject of hats.

"NOW," I inquired guilelessly, "HOW DO YOU COME TO KNOW THOSE NAMES?"

"Oh," he replied, slowly, "I—er—I've heard of them."

"WHERE, and FROM WHOM?" I asked.

Well, he couldn't remember, and finally he "'fessed up" that HE MUST HAVE SEEN THEM ADVERTISED.

And, furthermore, he admitted that almost EVERYTHING HE WAS WEARING WAS BRANDED WITH THE NAME OF A WELL-KNOWN MANUFACTURER. He even admitted that he never bought any wearing apparel that he didn't know the name of BEFORE he went into a store.

"Because," he said, "if I've HEARD of 'em, and NEVER heard anything AGAINST 'em, they must be GOOD."

Which is a mighty fine argument for advertised goods by a man who "never reads advertising."

Are YOU one of those people who never read advertising?

If you don't, look inside your collar. Look at the neckband of your shirt, and of your coat. Look inside your shoe. If you are NOT wearing advertised goods get some "new fangled" notions.

For even our friend, the "good old-time conservative," admitted that he could TRUST advertised clothes.

Doesn't it pay to buy none but advertised goods?

THE BLADE'S POPULAR PREMIUMS

Three-Piece Lace Bed Sets and Nottingham Lace Curtains.

Special Notice to Subscribers Whose Time Expires During January.

We have just mailed to all of our subscribers whose time expires during the month of January our special propositions for renewals and the raising of clubs. The new patterns in Lace Curtains and Lace Bed Sets which we are introducing this year, have proven exceedingly popular with our readers, and a great many have expressed themselves as highly pleased; of this verdict, however, we felt assured because the premiums we offer are of better quality than we have ever been able to secure and of latest design.

Last January were mailed over 2,100 pairs of Lace Curtains and over 700 Lace Bed Sets to subscribers who sent us clubs of ten and twenty names. We shall be prepared next month to increase the number by several hundreds. We feel sure that all who sent us clubs of ten and twenty one year ago will do the same this year. We would like to suggest to the vast number who sent us clubs of four names one year ago, that they can very easily make hteir clubs ten to twenty names this year, and by so doing obtain one of our beautiful and useful premiums absolutely free.

How to Obtain These Premiums.

On the first day of each month we will mail to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, a notice giving choice of several propositions for renewal. Therefore all subscribers whose time expires during January should receive our proposiby January 1st. If not received by January 4th please notify us and a duplicate will be mailed. All who send us a club of 10 or more subscribers will receive one pair of Lace Curtains by mail postpaid, and for a club of 20 or more subscribers one three-piece Lace Bed Set postpaid by mail. We do not make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time, as it would be impossible to serve all at once. Our mill cannot supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enables us to take care each month of all subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to January subscribers only, and 30 days later the February people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month.

We particularly wish to call your attention to the fact that it is very important that all who receive our January proposition give attention to their renewal before February 1st, because when a name is dropped from our list, the address is entirely lost to us and we are therefore unable to make the offer again.

MEXICO AND HER LANDLORDS.

The governing families and the financiers in friendly relationship with the Diaz administration in Mexico foresaw years ahead of others the inevitable rise in the value of land. Through grants from the government, by means of laws they caused to be passed regarding title, sometimes by simple seizure, they obtained possession of immense tracts. Peons who held the land by reason of inheritance from people who had exercised squatters' rights were made tenants, or evicted. Widespread districts were placed upon a rent-paying basis. Where labor was scarce at times, it was a simple procedure to oust a few hundred agriculturists and compel them to choose between starvation and work underground or in smelter.

It was one of the promises of the Madero administration that the great estates would be broken up and reallotted. Whether Madero—himself of a land-holding family—was insincere or could not carry out his pledge, the fact remains that he did nothing to remedy the evil. The rents were still collected. The poor peon was still denied free access to the land of his fathers.

General Villa has probably made the fall of Huerta certain by issuing a decree in confiscation of lands, mines and cattle owned by men who had obtained their possessions through the special privileges granted them under Diaz. Zapata's loyalty has probably been assured, for it has been this chieftain's claim that he asks nothing except a return of lands formerly cultivated by his followers. With the mass behind him, Villa's triumphant march into the City of Mexico may be only a matter of days.

COLONEL IN THE WILDERNESS.

The little town of Corumba, from which the latest word has come of Colonel Roosevelt, is upon the Paraguay river, on the western edge of a marsh nearly as large as the state of Ohio. It is in the true wilderness, an outpost of commerce to which communication with the busier world is as difficult and infrequent as if it were a lonely coral island in mid-Pacific.

Ahead of Colonel Roosevelt stretches many long and steaming days until the fountain head of the Lourenco River is reached. He will be in the country that is marked "unexplored" on maps published in recent years. There is known to be vast wealth here in timber. There is supposed to be vast wealth in iron ore. But the exploiter with capital behind him has not entered it, nor does there exist anything except the crudest forms of transportation.

On the other side of the divide between the Paraguay and Amazon systems—said by one explorer to join and by another not to—there is even wilder territory—limitless forest, an enormous rainfall, streams in full flood and for part of the distance tumbling over rapids and crashing in cataracts. The colonel will taste of the primaeval to his heart's content. He will be harassed with an insect life beyond anything else in point of blood-thirstiness anywhere, hear of disease of loathsomeness and deadliness and perhaps witness something of that rubber trade which is associated in rumor with fearful cruelties. But it is not probable that Colonel Roosevelt will tire of it. Rather may he be expected to come out of the wilderness in fine training and exclaiming that he has had a bully time.

A BUSINESS GAUGE.

Mr. E. B. Leigh of Chicago has suggested a new barometer of business. This is that prosperity may be measured according to railroad purchases of equipment. As the transportation ccmpanies are in the market for rails, locomotives, cars and repair material, so is business active. As the companies adopt a course of close economy, so is business dull.

Of course, this is only a refinement of the old phrase "Iron is the barometer of trade." But as it is the railroads which purchase the bulk of the steel and iron products of the country, the new gauge holds good. It might, indeed, prove an easier measurement of business and a surer. Given the earnings of the railroad companies, one may tell whether they are likely or not to set aside money with which to buy locomotives, erect bridges or make extensions. Noting how they are adding to their surplus, one may learn how their credit stands in the money market and how likely they are to float bonds or issue notes, with the proceeds of which wooden cars will be supplanted with steel cars and antiquated brick stations will be replaced with steel structures.

The business man who wishes to know what the future holds in store for him will do well not only to consider the work the steel mills are doing and the time they require in which to make deliveries, but also the gross and net earnings of the railroads and the talk there is of visits to the bankers.

Blessed is the man who turns his pockets inside out to make others happy.

No doubt Old Parcel Post will have the backache for a week after Christmas.

THE BROWN PERIL FROM CHINA.

The brown rat is supposed to have emiginated in China, there developing its ferocity, marvelous adaptability and capacity to bring from twenty to fifty young into the world every year. Two or three centuries ago it was taken with the fever of migration and moved westward. In 1727, it crossed the Volga in Russia. Forty-three years later, it was first observed in Germany. From there it "took ship" and reached England and America.

Today, the brown rat has overrun the world and no country, or state, or city, or village, but knows of him and his plunderings.

It would be interesting to speculate how differently the world might have been if that impulse to emigrate had not come to the rat in far China. The human race would have been immeasurably wealthier. Poverty would have been less. The jealousies that wealth breeds between nations would have been less and wars would have been fewer. Disease that flourishes in hovel and slum would have been less deadly, for hovel and slum would have occupied smaller area. By means of the untold riches lost to the brown rat, the blessings of education and religion would have been spread more widely, would have influenced more human beings, would, in every likelihood, have given the world that aspect today which—the faith is—it will bear some centuries hence.

Of the duties that mankind must discharge, none is more important than the conquest of the brown rat—destroyer of food, friend to disease and poverty, a barrier to progress.

Gems of American Humor

Selections From the Works of the Country's Foremost Humorists.

Copyright, 1913, by The Press Publishing Co.

JOHN HAY—"Little Breeches."

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will and that sort of thing—
But I believe in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.
I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd larnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.
The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squgall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.
Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck horses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat—but of little Gabe
Nor hide nor hair was found.
And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellowcritter's aid—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.
* * * * * * * * *
By this the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.
We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And THAR sot Little Breeches, and chirped,
As peart as ever you see:
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."
How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm;
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

—"Pike County Ballads."

Sunday School

OLD HISTORY WITH NEW MEANINGS

The International Sunday School Lesson for December 28 Is a Review of the Year's Lessons—Heb. 11:17-31.

By William T. Ellis.

At this backward looking time of the year it is appropriate to look still further back than the petty concerns of our own past 12 months. Frankly, most of us think in very small terms. We are cellular, parochial, provincial. A long look at history tends to emancipate us from small fears. It helps us to see things in their relative importance and so delivers us from the thraldom of trifles.

A few days ago, in a dining car, a new waiter asked the steward if he should serve ice with a bottle of vichy water. The French steward went into a paroxysm of contempt. "Serve ice with vichy? Why, everybody knows that ice is never served with vichy." So he spluttered and fumed, unwilling to let the subject drop for an hour later. Did not the guest pity him, for having as waiters such dolts as did not know better than to serve ice with vichy. One guest did pity him, but not for the reason he supposed. Millions of better men than he, in every respect except a knowledge of cooking and table service, don't know anything about vichy, and don't care. The steward's trouble was the trivial one of a soul that has shrivelled to the size of the petty tools of his trade. He is an example of the person who is troubled by forks and spoons and table garniture; and who need to think back upon the great men who got along without any of these encumbrances of our modern civilization. It would be wholesome for all of us to remember that greatness is no matter of petty usages. Let us call the Bible patriarchs to our aid to deliver us from the blight of littleness of soul.

Mankind's Long Journey.

How old is man? "Three million years," answered a recent magazine article. "Frankly, we do not know," answer the wise scientists. Geology and anthropology have given us glimpses of the long, long journey the human race has traveled; and our school children talk learnedly about the stone age and the bronze age (not knowing that these synchronized in different parts of the earth); but all we really do know, from creditable history, is that so long as we have been able to read his contemporaneous records, man has had the same essential needs and traits.

The history that is truest to type is the Old Testament. Here we see the race developing, acquiring larger relationships and wider horizons, and being disciplined for the business of life and moral responsibility. There are some changes that the centuries do not make—and this truth may be stressed without limit, since our day with its amusing and amazing egotism, is inclined to believe that within a decade or two it has "advanced" beyond the old landmarks. Thus, the need of pure family life must continue to the end of the race. We shall never outgrow the necessity for molar standards. The call for the exercise of sovereign will power on the part of every person is abiding. Sin still works as a permanent factor in human society. Most of all, God abides. All these factors and forces we find in the Old Testament history which we have been studying, and a contemplation of them is involved in any reasonable consideration of history.

The Greatest Truth of All.

One overshadowing truth, the oldest and greatest, yet also the newest and most intimate, has been studied during this year's lessons. That is the truth of the existence and character of a Divine Being. No fact is so contemporary as the fact of God. "In the beginning, God—" so began our lessons. As the opened eyes of John saw it, He is the First, and the Last, the Alpha and Omega, the generating Cause and the final Adjudication. This loftiest theme that ever commanded human consideration is the central truth of the year's study. Man is related to God by the very nature of both beings. The present character of this relationship is more important than the Mexican question, the state of business, the affairs of the holidays, and the problem of getting along with other people. If God bulked larger in our thinking, the things that disturbed us in life would bulk smaller.

As it was in the beginning of the first man, and as it will be at the deathbed of the last, God is the supreme question. Any mind that tries to get along without reclining upon God is not doing justice even to its own man-power. As Mt. Hernon dominates the landscape of Palestine, so does this truth tower above all else in these lessons.

Texas, for Instance.

If we may shake ourselves loose from the things near and small, and take a fearless look at the task of organizing human life along the best lines, we approximate somewhat the genius of this Old Testament history. Away back there God's task was to develop a people qualified to lead the world into its highest life. As we look over the record it seems, to judge by our little two-inch standards, that the undertaking was full of slumps and blunders and imperfections.

But, be it remembered, states are not made by machinery. Take Texas, for instance. All that the civilization of the old world acquired through laborious centuries is following the Texas pioneers within a few decades. Where the bison roamed within the memory of living men, the college boys now play football. The dug-out and sod-house are being supplanted by modern homes of convenience and refinement, such as the poor of the old world never aspire to. The old cow town is becoming a metropolis. Anyone with the vision and the spirit of patience can see this wonder being wrought before his eyes. Shall we view with less discernment the making of this old Hebrew nation?

After God, the Man.

For 12 months we have been studying a long stretch of history, most of it in the terms of a few men. God first; then man; both are indispensable to the story. These are the two essential factors of all history. We may supplement the old catechism statement, that "The chief end of men is God," by saying reverently, that the chief end of God is man.

After considering Adam and Eve and their sons, with a family problem as modern as anything in today's newspapers, we studied that great adventurer and "come-outer," Abraham, the man who dared to follow his gleam. All ages are richer for his simple loyalty to his vision. Then Isaac, a mere cipher connecting the two numerals, and Jacob, a crooked stick whom it took long years and hard experience to straighten. If God could do what He did with old Jacob, perhaps we are not wholly unavailable material.

Like many a man, Jacob came to his real greatness through his children. The most notable fact about him is that he was the father of Joseph. There is comfort for parents in the thought that, although we may not be able to hold the torch high, we may at least be able to pass it on to the son whose arm we have strengthened.

Moses, Mad and Meek.

Quite as today explains yesterday, and as tomorrow is needed to make clear the meaning of today, so it took Sinai and Nebo to enable us to perceive the unique significance of the schooling of Moses, son of a slave, protege of a princess. For the great work of delivering the Jews he was trained, and he used his peculiar equipment for its highest purpose. Moses did not belong with that favored group of well-fitted young men who waste their noble preparation upon their ignoble selves. He rose greatly to his great task.

The loss of his temper is the first mature act of Moses of which we read—and we cannot help loving him for it. Hot with indignation over an injustice, he risked his all to serve the oppressed. God send us more men who dare blaze forth in behalf of truth and justice and patriotism, in sublime scorn of consequences. That deed drove Moses to the wilderness, where he got a discipline which the palaces of Egypt could not give. He learned how to be meek, and how to wait. It is simply impossible to help men without being patient. We forgive Moses his subsequent lapses from long-suffering, for they came from caring little for Moses and all for his work. A great patriot, he, whom earth and heaven honor.

The Good Times Coming.

All the men and events of this history which the Sunday schools have been studying looked forward to a Promised Land, wherein the Chosen People should find their mission. Now we are learning them, the Jordan crossed, their patience rewarded, the land apportioned, and their national life assured. The hand of God in it all is as clear to us who read now as ever was the pillar of cloud by day or of fire by night. God guides the life of men and of nations into steadily bettering conditions. In His scheme of things, good times are always coming.

Now the Sunday schools drop the Old Testament course and take up a year's study in the life of Jesus. We contemplate Him of whom all the Old Testament was but a prefiguration and a preparation. The year should be even richer and more vital than this 12 months of studies now ending.

Elephant and His Trunk

Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's.

ELEPHANTS are interesting because they have such varied feelings, such a wide range of intelligent appreciation. Doubtless this is in part due to the possession, in the trunk, of an organ, the development of which has itself permitted development of brain power. Very great brain power could not have been developed as an accompaniment merely of hoofs; hands, however imperfect, were necessary, or else something that could serve as a partial substitute for hands. By watching a herd of elephants any one can readily see the large range of uses to which the trunk is put and the large range of needs and emotions which it develops and satisfies. During courtship the bull and the cow caress one another with their trunks. Elephants are very curious and the trunks are used to test every object that arouses their curiosity. The cow is constantly foldling and guiding the calf with her trunk. The trunk is used to gather every species of food and to draw water. It is used to spurt dust or water over the body, it is used to test rotten and dangerous ground; it is in constant use to try the wind so as to guard against the approach of any foe. As one watches the great beasts the trunks continually appear in the air above them, uncurling, twisting, feeling each breath of air. Now and then a great ear is flapped. Now and then the weight of the body is shifted from one colossal leg to another. The huge beasts are rarely entirely motionless for any length of time. Nor are they long silent, for aside from the subdued squeaks or growls and occasionally shrill calls, there are queer internal rumblings. Their eyes are very bad. Like the rhino, they can see only as a very near-sighted man sees. At a distance of 80 yards or so, when in my dull colored hunting clothes, I could walk slowly toward them or shift my position without fear of discovery.

VARIETIES

Courtship in Bohemia often lasts years.

New York daily consumes 2,191,7 quarts of milk.

Whale are estimated to live 1,0 years.

Last April's frosts in France affe ed the walnut crop.

The smoke nuisance costs the Am ican people nearly $50,000,000 eve year.

British South Africa has 3,5 miles of railway in operation.

Kentucky in 1912 produced $49 909 worth of natural gas.

Canada exported 20,941,000 pou of cheese during October.

A well constructed brick house outlast one built of granite.

The Congo region exports about 000,000 walking sticks a year.

Vaccination is an essential qualifi tion for marriage in Norway and Sw den.

Panama in 1912 shipped $128,6 worth of cocoanuts to the Unit States.

United States tungsten output l year was worth $502,158.

Saskatchewan wheat crop of 11 360,000 bushels is valued at $71,00 000.

Detroit factories turn out near 450,000 stoves a year.

Potatoes in Greenland do not gr larger than an ordinary marble.

The horse succumbs to an intens cold temperature sooner than a other animal.

Some of the rivers of Siberia fr over ice many years old and almo as solid as rock.

In the last year Iowa produced 9 953,183 pounds of butter, which w sold for $28,285,240.

More than 50 per cent of the she of this country are on the lar ranches of the west.

Fish to the value of $34,000 were caught in Canadian waters the last fiscal year.

Granulated glass is being tried a preservation of the surface of wo in England with much success.

The German village of Remborn h a linden tree which is said to be mo than 1,200 years old.

There are more than 200 species insects that infest books and destr them if not exterminated in time.

Practically all the corncob pi used in America are produced by factories, all of which are in M souri.

Next year's sugar crop in Cuba estimated at 2,400,000 tons, slight less than this year, when a record w established.

There are between 5,000 and 10,0 hot springs of every variety in Yellowstone National Park.

The average length of life, it stated, rose from 21¾ years in sixteenth century to 40½ years in nineteenth century.

The earliest use of the wo "strike," in the sense of stoppi work, occurs in the London Chro cle for September, 1765, in conn tion with a coal strike.

More than 3,000 cases of typh fever were reported in New York c in the month of September.

There are 483 iron mines in United States, employing 65,176 pe sons, and costing for operation development $74,017,820.

Guadeloupe is growing a new kind coffee introduced from the Congo co try. This is known as "coffee robus and it was discovered in 1898.

In the last year more than 100 co panies have been formed to engage the breeding of fur bearing animals the maritime provinces of Canada.

Guatemala is about as large as L isiana. The planters are the most fluential element and they sell th products for gold and pay their la in depreciated currency.

There are no producing nickel mi in the United States. The output nickel from domestic ores is merely byproduct from electrotypes of the c per refineries.

Eastern manufacturers are looking the northwest for hardwoods for manufacture of clothes pins. Birch particularly desired.

Many industrial firms in Germa provide their workmen square pie of cloth for cleaning purposes inste of the cotton waste that is usual tha The scheme has the advantage of eco omy.

Newfoundland is now regarded one of the most promising fut sources of supply of petroleum wit the British empire. There are oil i dications for 200 miles along the w coast.

From 600 to 800 men are camp along the White river, Yukon, wait for the snow, when they will fre their outfits to new diggings.

Leaf tobacco imported into Fra during the first eight months of t year weighed 60,000,000 pounds, an crease of 18,000,000 pounds over the c responding months in 1912.

Tradition says that King Solomo pearls were from Ceylon, and t Phoenicians went to those coasts them. The earliest mention of pe fisheries in Ceylon occurs in the Ra vali Chronicle, 306 B. C.

Most of the thousands of cattle t were held at Fort Erie, Ontario, the American tariff to be removed s unfit for beef and will have to be f tened in the United States.

Argentina for many years has b importing the best breeding cattle sheep from Great Britain, and to has some of the finest types in t world. Uruguay has a good grade live stock, but they are not equal the cattle in the alfalfa regions of A gentina.

Until recently the greatest oc depth known was south of the isla of Guam—9,635 meters. A few mont ago the German imperial ship Plan found a depth of 9,780 meters 40 mi north of the island of Mindanao.

The number of persons engaged the coal mining industries of the wo is about 3,000,000, of which num about 1,000,000 are employed in United Kingdom and about 750,000 the United States.

Student insurance is a feature German continuation schools. For insurance fee of 19 cents for a half y the students of the school for build for example, are insured against accidents that may happen to them the school room or on the way to from school.

Mt. Katahdin, in Piscataquis coun Maine, has an elevation of 5,200 fe and is the highest mountain in t state, according to the United Sta geological survey. The average mean elevation of the entire state Maine is 600 feet above sea level.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

ALL TO MYSELF

By Martha Holden.

Marcella Lane, busy with debutante teas, and fashionable charities, suddenly realized, one stormy afternoon, that it lacked but a week of Christmas, and so far she had only shopped for orphan children, the old ladies at the home who had depended on her bounty, and a few cousins and aunts whose homes were at a distance. The boxes and packages belonging to all these Marcella had wrapped and tied and directed with conscientious attention. She had felt no especial ebullaration in any of them. She kept a book with gift lists, so that she knew exactly what she had been sending for the last 10 years to people and to institutions.

Since her mother's death 10 years before, Marcella had lived with an aunt and uncle, a childless couple, who looked upon her as a daughter. Her life had been entirely different from that with her exquisite little mother in a simple home. They were such dear companions and so content with small means that Marcella used to say: "It would be too bad for us to have money, wouldn't it, mother? We understand being hard up so well that we really enjoy it."

Those dear days in the little white house were long since past and Marcella had adapted herself to a life quite different, a parasitic existence maybe, though her usefulness to her uncle and aunt was inestimable. She planned their entertainments, ordered their dinners, shopped for them and amused them at reading and games. Marcella lived a very busy life doing what the world calls "nothing." She never made a bed, or cleaned a room, or washed a dish, but the calendar on her desk was filled for every hour of each day, and there were worthy as well as foolish engagements recorded thereon.

Winter had come early to Marcella's heart; her mother's death had been a deep, deep sorrow which she shared with no one. It had developed her kindly impulses toward the world in general, but it had chilled the personal expression of love which the heart needs to keep it young, for after all Marcella had no one who was spiritually dependent upon her.

Marcella's heart was therefore very heavy as she entered her electric coupe and started on the drive down town. The streets were filled with busy, happy faced shoppers. It was Saturday afternoon and whole families were enjoying the Christmas goodwillingness together.

Marcella stopped at a stationer's. She opened her gold mesh bag and drew out the list of those to whom she sent cards. She approached a counter, gay with cards and calendars, paper poinsettia flowers and red-shaded candles.

It was surrounded with eager buyers, each busy finding the sentiment suited to his need. A mother and middle-aged daughter stood next to Marcella. She felt a lump in her throat, as she overheard their gentle conversation over the cards. They were shabbily dressed, but she knew how happily their hearts were beating in unison.

On the counter before her lay a handsome, square card adorned with an old-fashioned nosegay of blue forget-me-nots in lace paper. It recalled to Marcella one of the bouquets which she had received in the distant day of her graduation from the high school of her little home town. Her mind traveled back through the vista of years, to memories of that happy night.

She stood looking at the quaint bouquet in its stiff frill, dreaming of the past, while the Christmas throng surged about her, and pressed close to choose their greetings. Marcella saw a shallow stage, enwreathed in garden flowers, a row of white-robed maidens, and another of adoring lads. She remembered her triumph after a valedictorian essay on "Deep in the Sea Lies the Coral Grove," and the shower of bouquets in lace paper that followed her. A youth had gathered them in a basket and brought them to her when she sat with shining eyes among the maidens. Nearest her hand was the one of forget-me-nots, and this she held, quite unconscious that the blue of the flowers was the blue of her eyes. She was thinking now of the boy who gave it to her; her first sweetheart, who had a year later gone to West Point and was now at the other side of the world. They quarreled and Marcella had pretended not to care, but this strippling was enshrined in her heart as the love of her life.

With wistful eyes Marcella read the sentiment of the forget-me-not card:

"All to myself I think of you;
Think of the things we used to do,
Think of the things we used to say,
Think of each happy yesterday,
Sometimes I sigh, and sometimes I smile
But I keep each olden, golden while
All to myself."

W. D. N.

Marcella watched the shop girl place her card in its envelope and then she asked with strange trepidation: "May I direct this at the desk?" There Marcella drew off her white glove and wrote with care on the envelope of the forget-me-not card:

"Colonel Joseph Bell, U. S. A.,
"Manila, Philippine Islands."

She sealed and stamped it and almost ran to drop it in the nearest post box.

Then Marcella Lane, whom her friends thought the perfect product of nineteenth century conventionalism, finished her Christmas shopping in an exhibition of girlish happiness.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good Cheer.

CONDITIONS HAVE CHANGED

We do not need to keep the boy on the farm. It is a mistaken idea of the people to think the real farmer boy is leaving the farm. This false idea has been carried over from 20 or 30 years ago, when the boys did leave the farm, and under the then existing conditions no one who was acquainted with the facts could blame them. That was when it took the last bit of energy to make both ends meet. It took skimping and saving to raise the annual tax money. And the whole family—boys, girls and all, to do this. The boy worked all the time and could not see any fair exchange for the perspiration dropped between the plow handles. His one suit of store clothes a year was purchased by his year's savings. No young man on the farm in 1888 could have worn a tailored suit "paid." His father would have disinherited him for his extravagance if he thought of such a thing out loud. They could not afford it. Half the farms were mortgaged and the other half too poor to raise a loan on. No ambitious boy could stand for such a process of living when there was not a sign in the almanac pointing to a change for the better. They went. I went with them. Conditions have changed. The boys are coming back. I've been back five years. Things are lovely down on the farm. We can sell our products and by-products for cash. We can take the cash and buy things to make home comfortable and have enough left to "set 'em up" to red lemonade to our brother hayseed at the circus, and we don't have to hide old Muly to keep the tax collector from making a levy. I tell you things are lovely down on the farm, that is, for the man who owns the farm and for his boys. They've got a chance—a sure winner—and the boys are not leaving the farm. That is, the boys worth while are not leaving the farm.

All this talk about keeping them might make some of them feel that their condition is bad and that they are being hoodwinked in order to keep them from something better. Too much agitation makes any of us suspicious. Of course there are lots of boys leaving farm work, but these boys, nor their dads, do not own any farm—just working for the farmers. Conditions are not so good for them perhaps, and no one can blame them for going and doing better if they can. But be assured if he is interested in farming and likes it he will come back and buy a farm and work it. And the fellow who is not interested and does not like it any other place is better for him and the farm, too.—Dennis of Wolf Creek.

A CHRISTMAS OFFER

I would like one or two middle-aged ladies to live with me. They would pay a small amount for their board and washing and I would like them to be of pleasant dispositions and like to go once in a while, for when my work is done I do enjoy taking my old cream horse out and going, if nowhere else, than to ride through the country and back home. But you see there is no enjoyment going alone, for John is in the field. I thought if I could get a middle-aged woman that I could care for her as I did for my mother and look after her comforts and do by her as a true daughter would and see that she did enjoy herself and then that would be so much comfort for me, don't you see? We live in a fair size house and have things quite handy, and I have a horse and can go whenever I want to, and it is lonesome to go alone, and I would like her to go with me some times. There are a great many middle-aged ladies that are left alone and would be glad to have a home.—Lonesome Mary.

A CONTENTED SPIRIT

I am a farmer's wife who sees the real enjoyment of living on a farm. I believe I know a little of the hardships of life, as we have always had to work for every dollar we have and are still living on a rented farm; not counting the days of discouragements as they come to all of us, no matter what our positions in life. It isn't what we have, but the way we enjoy what we have that makes life worth while. I believe more people would be happy if they had to work for the necessities of life—how we appreciate that which we toil for.

Give the boy a chance to make his own money, and there are just as many honorable ways on a farm as anywhere on earth. It is the one who is not afraid to work who succeeds in the end, either on the farm or in the city.

I was much impressed by the editor's "little talk" on the Thanksgiving dinner, as it is one of the joys of our life to gather around the family table on Thanksgiving, Christmas, or whatever day it may be, and enjoy the good things prepared for such occasions. We haven't always had the luxuries of life, but have always had the things of necessity, and greater than that comes the pleasant memory of a happy contented family. Home is not always in a mansion, but many times in an humble cottage. —M. P., Ind.

POEMS WANTED

Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.
Moonlight Bay.
Honey Love.
That Old Sweetheart of Mine.
The Knight's Toast.
The City of the Living.

This Home-Made Cough Syrup Will Surprise You

Costs Little, but there is Nothing Better at any Price. Fully Guaranteed.

Here is a home-made remedy that takes hold of a cough almost instantly and will usually conquer an ordinary cough in 24 hours. This recipe makes a pint—enough for a whole family. You couldn't buy as much or as good ready-made cough syrup for $2.50.

Mix one pint of granulated sugar with ½ pint of warm water, and stir 2 minutes. Put 2½ ounces of Pinex (fifty cents' worth) in a pint bottle, and add the Sugar Syrup. This keeps perfectly and has a pleasant taste—children like it. Braces up the appetite and is slightly laxative, which helps end a cough.

You probably know the medical value of pine in treating bronchial asthma, bronchitis, spasmodic croup and whooping cough. Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of Norway white pine extract, rich in guaiacol and other natural healing pine elements. Other preparations will not work in this combination.

The prompt results from this inexpensive remedy have made friends for it in thousands of homes in the United States and Canada, which explains why the plan has been imitated often, but never successfully.

A guaranty of absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. Your druggist has Pinex, or will get it for you. If not, send to The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

Our Correspondents

If any descendant of John Sweet, who married Mary ——— some time previous to 1815, or Stephen Sweet, who married Roby Chase in 1803, see this, please send me your address. These two brothers were born in Massachusetts and first settled in Maine, but soon left and are supposed to have gone west and settled. I wish to get into communication with their descendants.—D. W. Sweet, Phillips, Maine.

A post card shower is asked for the teacher of one of our girls who signs herself Snookey-Ookums. The teacher is J. F. B. Gregory, Riverville, W. Va.

What would be the best plan to obtain the name and address of farmers in Montana who have taken up government homesteads? If you can think of some way and wish to I'd be very glad.—G. L. K., Va.

Would you publish an old poem puzzle meaning Jonah and the Whale Story, as an old lady wishes so much to read it again—my old aunt in Baltimore, Md.? Also can you tell me the author of the greatest of all ghost stories called The Watcher? It was published in the Old Boston Olive Branch Newspaper about 60 years ago, either sooner or later.—Mrs. J. M. F., Washington, D. C.

If the puzzle poem is not too long we should be glad to publish. The other will be forwarded to you if secured here.—M. H.

I am one of the boys in blue, aged 69, belonged to Co. B, Sixth Illinois Cavalry, and would like to hear from any of that company.—N. Bishop, Squires, Mo.

In your issue of November 13 T. I. C., O., writes of owning a tin cream pitcher 120 years old. I have in my possession a slate that was owned by my grandfather when he was a boy in school. He died in 1849, 84 years old, making the slate 125 to 130 years old at least. I have owned the slate 53 years. It was given to me by my grandmother. I used it when a boy. I am now in my 75th year.—I. W., W. Va.

I am coming to the Peace Page for help. I am very anxious to obtain the book entitled The Bound Girl or Margaret Foster, The Bound Girl. It is a book that my grandfather used to read and from which my name was taken. I hope some of The Blade readers can help me to get the book or tell me where it was published. We have taken The Blade for several years and find it very interesting and helpful. I always turn to the Peace Page first. Thanking you in advance for the desired information.—Madge Nutter, Rocksdale, West Virginia.

We have Alger books and others, also games, to give away. Would exchange for something suitable for a girl of 15 or boy of 13.—Mrs. F. L. Darling, Chandler's Valley, Pa.

I would be pleased to have the readers of the Blade give a post card shower for an old aunt of mine in her 91st year and a shut-in. Her name and address is Mrs. Polly Fritzler, Delta, Iowa.—Mrs. L. S., Neb.

Boys and Girls

OUR MOTTO:

All that we do
We do with our might.
Things done by halves
Are never done right.

A Buckeye Girl.

I think Ohio is a grand old state and I heard a lecturer say a few nights ago that the rainbow came down in Ohio. How many believe that?

Well, I am 20 years of age and weigh 134 pounds and I am five feet and nine inches high, have dark hair and dark eyes. My father is a school teacher and my eldest brother has an elementary school certificate and I hope to make a teacher out of myself in the near future. At present I am clerking in a small store.

My grandfather was a soldier of the civil war and is still living at the age of 82. Perhaps some of the old soldiers who read the Toledo Blade would remember him. His name is Peter C. Leedom, of Newfain, Ohio.

Well, we have not had much winter yet, but are having lots of rainy weather.

I think I know the answer to the riddle sent in by Peck's Bad Boy. It is a well that is as round as an apple and as deep as a cup and all the king's oxen can't pull it up. Is that it?—Ferol Leedom, Newfain, Ohio.

Roses, Roses, All the Way.

I was reared on a farm in the East, spent two years' teaching in a graded school, but always having a curiosity to travel, I decided a year ago to visit the Pacific coast I landed in a nice town situated on Puget Sound. The town being located on a hill of considerable elevation, furnishes a nice view. On either side of the town are mountains, four distinguished peaks being covered with snow the year round. The nearest one is twenty miles away. This position of Washington has an ideal climate; roses are in full bloom for Thanksgiving. Boys and girls of the East, come again, I will assure you, your letters are appreciated by A Boy Among the Cascades.—W. Everett, Washington.

A Young Graduate.

I am 14 years old. I intend to graduate next spring. I received my first paper today. I like it very much. I would like to know who my twin is, July 5, 1899. Would like to exchange post cards with any one. I wish that that "young bachelor" would give his name.—Sadie Mitchell, Coleman, Mich.

A Rabbit Hunt.

Our mother went away to visit this morning so I told my sister we would go out hunting. She said she would be there, "Johnny on the spot." We dressed in our brothers' clothes, and started, I taking the shotgun and my sister the rifle. We went to the woods and separated. I was gone about three hours, and then came home, but my sister reached home first. She had only been at home a few minutes and had caught one partridge and a rabbit and I had two rabbits. So when mamma came home we told her all about our hunting and she said we could go again. I think all the girls around here will be hunting before long. We also have good times horseback riding. We have two nice little horses. I guess if we have any hobby it is hunting and horseback riding.—Nolla and Joy Kennedy, Riverside, W. Va.

Wants a Dictionary.

I like to read good books, and if any of the readers of the Peace Page have any good books for boys to read and would loan them I will take good care of them and return them when read and be so grateful for the favor. Don't want any trashy novels, but I especially want a dictionary. I am 15 years old and work on a farm. Am not going to school as our school was stopped on account of measles. Success to the Blade and all its readers.—Homer Stewart, Bessie, N. C.

From North Carolina.

I am a little girl 12 years old. My birthday is December 22. How many of yours come in December? I live in the country and like it very much. My father is a farmer and takes the Blade, and has for years. I like the Peace Page very much and enjoy reading the letters from the Blade boys and girls. How many of you enjoy going to school? I do when I can, but my health isn't very good this winter and I'm not going this term.—Marven Sykes, Mebane, N. C.

From Indiana.

I have read the Blade for nearly a year and think it the finest paper I have yet read. I am just out of the teens and have a birthday July 31. My hobbies are sewing, reading and making friends. My mother died February 5, 1912, and I am doing the housework for father. I have five brothers and one sister. I came through common school when 17 years old and have lived on the farm all my life. I expect to take a business course in the South Bend business college in the fall of 1914. I live in the most beautiful part of Indiana. I think Indiana is the best state in the Union.—M. V. R., Indiana.

SHORT AND SWEET.

I see where many of the boys and girls tell their favorite hobbies, so I will tell mine. They are interesting stories, music and friends. I think all the letters are real interesting from the boys and girls. Come again, Peck's Bad Boy. your letter was fine.—A Mountain State Girl.

Nora Marvin, Milford, Ill., is 15 and would like cards.

Chloe Walker, Wooster, O., is 17 years old and would enjoy cards.

Emma V. Judy, Athens, O., likes the Blade best of all papers. She is 12 years old and a girl who likes out door sports, as well as indoor duties.

I should like to know who my twin is. I was born April 18, 1896. Would like cards or letters and will answer all I receive. — Virginia Kennedy, Riversville, W. Va.

Dorothy Congrove, Liberal, Kansas, has a little sister a year old, whom she loves very much.

J. Elmore, Hillsboro, O., wishes to exchange cards.

Dulcie Carpeter, Harveys, Pa., sends you this riddle:

"Long and slim and black as homemade thunder,
Little eyes, peaked nose and follows the devil wherever he goes."

A REGRET

One of my Christmas regrets, and it is a very deep one, lies in the fact that perhaps 50 of the Santa Claus Exchange letters arrived too late to be available in the final issue before Christmas. The letters marked "Santa Claus Exchange" were first to be opened and those who forgot this superscription in directing their envelopes will have to be disappointed. I can't tell you what a real disappointment this is to me.

Next year I hope you will send your letters earlier and with the "Santa Claus Exchange" on the envelope; then it will be certain of getting in.

I hope today that no child of the Peace Page is without at least one gift, and I believe that because of our exchange limited as it needs must be in this, its inaugural year, that hundreds of dear children had a Happier Christmas. MARTHA HOLDEN.

Toyland's Presiding Genius

By Eleanor Schorer

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A Christmas Greeting

There was never a better theme for a Christmas wish than that well known one by Charles Dickens, which he adds to many merry Christmases and many happy New Years the sentiment:

"Unbroken friendship, great accumulations of cheerful recollections on earth and heaven for us all."

An accumulation of cheerful recollections on earth would mean heaven for us all, for Love is Heaven and Heaven is Love. If we know no law except the law of kindness, our hearts may remain untroubled and we may feel certain that the dear Christ has entered in. The Kingdom of Christ on earth which is to be established will be invested with the royalty of perfect and uncomquerable Love. In this Kingdom the Christmas spirit will reign continuously, with all times and seasons for its own.

My dear Peace Page readers, I send you Christmas Greeting.

By your loving words, your efforts for universal peace; by your cheerful thoughts and helpful deeds, you are bringing the old world nearer to the realization of a Christmastide that depends not upon earthly tokens for its celebration, but only on those gentle gifts of the contented and grateful spirit, who owes every good and perfect thing to the blessed Christ Child.

Then let me wish you the Dickens Christmas wish:

"Many merry Christmases, many happy New Years —unbroken friendships, great accumulations of cheerful recollections and affections on earth and heaven for us all."

—MARTHA HOLDEN.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

A GIRL'S VIEW

School days are full of pleasure we never shall forget. Why do girls wish to get married so young? Girls courting at the age of twelve and fourteen think more about getting married than school or good times. Girls don't go to church sit back and take no part in services, take part when invited and when at your own church always be found in your class and not on a back seat behind the door. Boys, too, think smoking, chewing, swearing and drinking make them look smart; queer idea, isn't it, any yet girls will be found in public with them.

There! Did I hear some one say she's old and cranky? I am not as old as Methuselah, but I do not approve of such.

Wish you may all have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.—Aunt Jane, W. Va.

ANOTHER ATTITUDE

I live in the northern part of Michigan and wear a slit skirt. I agree with Ada T., of West Virginia, concerning the X-ray dress, but think many nice girls wear the small slit, and if I am any judge of dress, it improves the narrow skirt. I don't think any strong minded or sensible man will give even the smallest portion of his time to talking or making light of this little change in style of ladies' dress, so long as they do not go to extremes with same.—I. V., Northern Mich.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

Give the boy a chance to make the honest dollar at home. Let him put out the crop he wants, where he wants, and get him interested in farm work. Then you have done your part. And if he becomes dissatisfied let him go where he chooses and shift for himself. Soon he will see the other side of the proposition; when it costs him more to live and dress the way others do than he can earn at common wages then he will see his mistake.

H. M. M., from the Buckeye state, I think your ideas of the farm are like the views of a city from a basement window. Boys, which would you prefer if you have done a hard day's work, going to a nice country home and see the lady therein with nice rosy cheeks and cleanly dressed and a picture of health and see a nice big table with white linen cloth and lots to eat, or get out of a shop and push your way through the crowd and at last reach the restaurant. Wash after any number of others and hit up a towel that is wet from use, then slide up to a table and wait 10 or 20 minutes for your turn to be waited upon.

Think well before you go. Let some of the fellows that are on the (day gang) that hold down the street corners do that 10-hour shift in the city shops while you make easy money feeding stock. Rough Rider from Tennessee Hills, I like your ways, a country lad with a city trade.—I. M., from Michigan.

FROM IDAHO

I have made this glorious west my home for the past eight years, excepting one in California, and therefore, I hold myself capable of passing judgment as to its merits.

A year ago I thought a better climate could be found than here and be found in the far-famed state of California, so I journeyed thither. I attended the university there, incidentally lived at Berkley and at Long Beach. While perhaps I enhanced my sum of knowledge there, I also depreciated my sum of health. So as a healthbroken creature I betook myself back to Idaho. Their I re-engaged in a profession I believe I can say I like, that is teaching. I have taught but one year preceding this.

The country here is also a sub-irrigated tract, which makes it the only perfect system of irrigating or of maturing a crop that is to be found. To give those who peruse this letter an idea of the prosperous condition of the farmers there, I will speak of the rent a landlord receives—ten dollars an acre is the average.—N. W. B., Idaho.

POETS' CORNER

A CHRISTMAS SONG

By Dr. J. G. Holland.

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire
While the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem
Cradles a King.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth!
For the virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire,
And the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem
Cradles a King.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And the song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is aflame, and the
Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that
Jesus is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel
They bring, and
And we greet in His cradle our
Savior and King.

THE NATIVITY

Phillips Brooks.

O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

O holy child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

COME TO US ALL

Eugene Field.

Come, thou, dear Prince, oh, come to us this holy Christmas time!
Come to the busy marts of earth, the quiet homes, the noisy streets, the humble lanes,
Come to us all, and with thy love touch every human heart,
That we may know that love, and in its blessed peace
Bear charity to all mankind.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Come, guard this night the Christmas-pile,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks don't come nigh
To catch it
From him who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And a deal of nightly fear,
To watch it.

THE CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS DAY

Robert Herrick.

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn;
Which quenched, then lay it up again
Till Christmas next return.
Part must be kept wherewith to tend
The Christmas log next year,
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

LITTLE CHRISTMAS GHOST

Edith M. Thomas.

I am an old, old woman
And I do not see so well;
The things that are from the things that seem,
I may not at all times tell.

But this for a truth I know—
I know I had locked my door,
And had buried the fire on the hearth
As I'd always done before.

I am an old, old woman—
Not a chick nor child have I;
But that Christmas night, as I climbed the stair,
A little one flitted by!

It was nothing of flesh or blood,
But it passed with a lilting joy;
Its hair so bright flew out in its haste,
And in either hand was a toy!

It heeded me not at all—
It was passing me by, when I said,
"Who art thou, thou little Christmas Ghost?"
And quickly it turned its head!

I am an old, old woman
You will not believe, but I know
That Christmas Elf was my own child-self
Of four score years ago!

THE FORTUNATE ISLES

By Joaquin Miller.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles.
The old Greek Isles of the yellow bird's song?
Straight on, straight on, and you won't go wrong.
Nay, not to the left, nay, not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight.
The old Greek Isles where the yellow birds sing
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far,
They lie within reach of the lowliest door.
You can see them gleam by the twilight star;
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore—
Nay, never look back! Those leveled grave stones
They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones.
Of glory for souls that have gone before
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love and a large Content.
Lo! These are the isles of the watery miles,
That God let down from the firmament.
Aye! Duty and Love, and a true man's trust;
Your forehead to God though your feet in the dust.
Aye! Duty to man, and to God meanwhiles,
And these, O friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

THE POOR MAN'S SHEAF

By Eben E. Rexford.

He saw the wheat fields waiting, all golden in the sun,
And strong and stalwart reapers went by him, one by one
"Oh, could I reap in harvest!" his heart made bitter cry.
"I can do nothing, nothing, so weak, alas! am I."

At eve a fainting traveler sank down beside his door,
A cup of pure water to quench his thirst he bore.
And when, refreshed and strengthened, the traveler went his way,
Upon the poor man's threshold a golden wheat sheaf lay.

When came the Lord of harvest, he cried: "O Master kind,
One sheaf have I to offer, but that I did not bind.
I gave a cup of water to one athirst, and he
Left at my door, in going, the sheaf I offer thee."

Then spake the Master, smiling: "Well pleased with this am I.
One of my angels left it with thee as he passed by.
Thou may'st not join the reapers upon the harvest plain,
But he who helps another binds sheaves of precious grain."

THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS

Helen Hays.

In the distant land of Denmark,
At the holy Christmas time,
There's a custom so poetic
That it's worthy better rhyme:
'Mong the peasants poor and humble,
Who our dear Lord's birthday keep
As a day of thankful gladness,
With a joy that lieth deep;
They forget not humbler creatures
Who their gladness cannot share,
E'en the little birds of heaven
Twittering in the wintry air;
High against a wall are mounted
Unthreshed oats bound on a pole,
Where the snowbirds feast upon them,
Ever this their Christmas dole;
And I think the little snowbirds
Must repay them by their mirth,
Singing sweeter songs of springtime,
Making glad the barren earth.

CHRISTMAS TREASURES

Eugene Field.

I count my treasures o'er with care—
A little toy that baby knew,
A little sock of faded hue,
A little lock of golden hair,
Long years ago this Christmas time
My little one—my all to me—
Sat, robed in white, upon my knee,
And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me my little golden head,
If Santa Claus should come tonight,
What shall he bring my baby bright,
What treasure for my boy?" I said.
And then he named the little toy,
While in his round and truthful eyes
There came a look of glad surprise
That spoke his trustful, childish joy.

And, as he lisped his evening prayer,
He asked the boon with baby grace,
And, toddling to the chimney place,
He hung his little stocking there.
That night, as lengthening shadows crept
I saw the white-winged angels come
With music to our humble home,
And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard that baby prayer,
For in the morn, with glowing face,
He toddled to the chimney place
And found the little treasure there.
They came again one Christmastide,
That angel host, so fair and white,
And, singing all the Christmas night,
They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy,
A little lock of golden hair,
The Christmas music on the air,
A watching for my baby boy.
But if again that angel train
And golden head come back to me,
To bear me to eternity,
My watching will not be in vain.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Emma A. Lente.

The little Lord Jesus lay meek in the manger;
No room in the inn for the tiny new stranger;
So out with the creatures so quiet and weary
In the stable so humble, so darksome and dreary,
The little Lord Jesus was cradled in hay,
And the dawn when it came brought the first Christmas Day.

But that night on the plains there was wonder and waking.
There were songs in the sky, and a glory-light breaking
O'er hill and o'er valley, and white wings were gleaming,
And far to the eastward a new star was beaming
To guide the wise kings to the dear little stranger,
Who lay in his beauty asleep in a manger.

THE NIGHT DIVINE

Richard S. Holmes.

Night and star-studded skies and blazing fires
And shepherds watching o'er their sleeping flocks,
Peace on the hills. No rude, alarming shocks
Of blighting war. Watch they as watched their sides
Ambition stirs not with its fierce desires.
No dreams of conquest at a heart door knocks.
They watch. They sleep while hand divine unlocks
And opes the far-off gates for heavenly choirs.
O Holy Song, sounding o'er Bethlehem's height!
O Holy Throng, radiant with heavenly light!
O Night Divine, in bringing to the earth
God's great, new message of the Holy Birth,
Message whose echoes shall forever ring
Till Prince of Peace becomes enthroned King.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

Richard Watson Gilder.

Tell me what is this innumerable throng
Singing in the heavens a loud angelic song?
These are they who come with swift and shining feet
From round about the throne of God the Lord of light to greet.

Oh, who are these that hasten beneath the starry sky,
As if with joyful tidings that through the world shall fly?
The faithful shepherds these, who greatly were afeared
When, as they watched their flocks by night, the heavenly host appeared.

Who are these that follow across the hills of night
A star that westward hurries along the fields of light?
Three wise men from the East who myrrh and treasure bring
To lay them at the feet of him their Lord and Christ and King.

What babe new-born is this that in a manger cries?
Near on her bed of pain his happy mother lies.
Oh, see! the air is shaken with white and heavenly wings—
This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the King of kings.

Tell me, how may I join in this holy feast
With all the kneeling world, and I of all the least?
Fear not, O faithful heart, but bring what most is meet;
Bring love alone, true love alone, and lay it at his feet.

SWEET OLD AGE

By S. E. Kiser.

An old, old man is trudging by,
His head is bowed, his eyes are dim;
A little while and he must die,
But have I cause to pity him?
Success is coupled with his name,
The record he has made is clean,
Respected, righteous and serene,
He hears no word of hate or blame.
And as he nears the closing scene
His visage bears no tinge of shame.

The way that he has come is long,
The end is near, his work is done;
Where foes beset him he was strong,
The peace he claims has been well won;
Behind him lie the terrors we
Who follow him shall have to face;
Beyond the danger of disgrace
He nears his goal triumphantly.
And in his breast there is no place
For bitterness or enmity.

His hands are weak, his steps are slow,
Ambition urges him in vain;
With but a little way to go,
He passes, leaning on his cane;
Free from remorse and from regret,
Contentment gladdens all his days;
No specters rise before his gaze,
No haunting fears his soul beset;
He has no wish for empty praise,
No sinful triumphs to forget.

His children have been guided past
The pits that opened, deep and wide,
And, needing him no more, at last
Have children of their own to guide;
Love has enriched him; he is free
From obligations and from care;
He has no cause to wonder where
Or ask what his reward may be;
Ah, proud old age, and sweet and rare
That lends its grace to such as he!

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Bibical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

BETSY ROSS

Kindly give a sketch of the life of Betsy Ross, maker of the first American flag.—G. P. O., Fredonia, Pa.

Betsy Ross was born January 1, 1752, and died January 30, 1836. In 1773 she married John Ross, a young upholsterer. Being skilled with the use of the needle she assisted him in his work. Both conducted the upholstery business in Philadelphia, and when her husband died Betsy continued in the business herself. The committee appointed to design a flag for the nation accompanied George Washington to her shop, where she was engaged to make a flag from a pencil drawing made by Washington. The drawing represented the outlines of a flag of 13 stripes with a field dotted with 13 stars. The stars had six points, as Washington wished to avoid making a design for the flag that would be an exact copy of his coat-of-arms. Mrs. Ross suggested, however, that the stars be changed to five-pointed ones. This suggestion was accepted by the commission and her sample flag was adopted by congress, June 14, 1777. She afterwards received a contract to make all the government flags. Mrs. Ross was married twice after the death of her first husband. Her second husband was Captain Ashburn and her third John Claypole.

THE CLOTHES-MOTH

Please give a description of the clothes-moth.—J. J. A., Bristol, Tenn.

The clothes-moth is one of the family Tineidae, in which the wings are long and narrow, pointed at the end and with long finger. It is pale buff-yellow, with no definite markings. It may be seen flying about the house the last of May, or still earlier if the weather be warm, when it lays its eggs in woolens. The young caterpillar is whitish, and begins, on hatching, to construct a flattened cylindrical case in which it lives, dragging the case about with it. The mischief is done by the worm the caterpillar working through the next ten months, finally changing to a pupa in its case and the best preventative is cold storage at a temperature of 40 degrees Fahrenheit, or the use of naphthalium or camphor. Woolen garments should be carefully brushed and put away in cotton sacks or in camphor trunks or wrapped tightly in stout paper or stored in large pasteboard boxes rendered tight by gumming a strip of wrapping paper around the edge so as to seal the box completely.

UNION PACIFIC R. R.

Kindly give a brief history of the Union Pacific Railroad Co.—F. R., Logansport, Ind.

The Union Pacific Railroad Co., organized July, 1897, was formed for the purpose of acquiring, constructing and owning railroads in the state of Utah, and elsewhere, with specific authority to acquire the railroads, properties and franchises and land grants formerly belonging to the Union Pacific Railway Co. That company owned four divisions of railroad, with a total length of lines of 8,172 miles. In 1893 receivers were appointed for all lines except those owned jointly with other companies. Afterward separate receivers were appointed for some of the controlled roads. When the Union Pacific Railway Co. was first placed in the hands of receivers, the bonds outstanding aggregated $78,470,000. In addition to this amount the government subsidy bonds amounted to $33,540,000. On this latter amount the unpaid interest was $18,194,000. At that time the share capital of the company aggregated $60,869,000. A short time after the receivers had taken possession of the property, legislation to guarantee a federal government lien at 3 per cent was proposed in congress. The security holders at the same time put forward a reorganization method. Both plans were defeated.

NATIONAL CENSORSHIP BOARD

Will you please explain the work of the national board of censorship?—R. I. K., Minesota.

The national board of moving picture censorship was formed by the People's Institute of New York. The headquarters of the board are located in New York, the center of the moving picture industry. The board meets twice each week and inspects all the films which are to be sent out for public exhibition. No set of films is given out until inspected and approved by the board of censorship. All films are discussed with a view as to their probable influence on the imagination of the weak-minded and the poorly educated. No picture which would likely do harm to the classes who are to witness it is allowed to pass. Thousands of dollars' worth of films have been destroyed on the suggestion of the board, by the manufacturers, since the creation of that body.

BENEDICT ARNOLD

Please give general information about Benedict Arnold.—R. H., Port Byron, Ill.

Benedict Arnold was born in Norwich, Conn., in 1741, died in England in 1801. He received a good school education in his youth. He was romantic and adventurous, excessively proud and sensitive, governed rather by impulse thar principle. He was noted for physical strength and beauty, as well as bravery. At 15 he ran away from home and enlisted in the Connecticut army marching to Albany and Lake George to resist the French invasion; but getting weary of discipline he deserted and made his way home through the wilderness. In 1762 he removed to New Haven and started in business as a druggist and bookseller. He acquired considerable property, engaged in the West India trade, sometimes commanding his own ships, as his father had done. He also carried on trade with Canada, and often visited Quebec. On February 22, 1767, he married Margaret Mansfield, who died June 19, 1775. They had three sons, Benedict, Richard and Henry. On one of his voyages Arnold fought a duel at Honduras with an English sea captain who called him a name, the captain was wounded and apologized. He also occassionally visited England. When the news of the battle of Lexington reached New Haven, Arnold, who was captain of the governor's guards, assembled them, and marched to Cambridge to join Washington. He was made a colonel of Massachusetts militia, and went with the expedition which captured Ticonderogo and Crown Point. He returned to Cambridge and was put in command of the expedition against Quebec. His service in Canada and with the northern army under Ticonderoga were very valuable.

The cabal which grew up in congress was already forming: Gates had begun to intrigue against Schuyler, and Charles Lee against Washington, Arnold was the close friend of Schuyler and Washington and their enemies began striking at him. In 1777 congress appointed five new major generals, passing over Arnold, who was the senior brigadier. This deeply incensed Arnold, as none of the five had rendered services comparable to his. Later in the same year, 1777, Arnold drove the British under Tyron from Connecticut. Congress then made him a major general, but did not restore his relative rank which would have placed him above the five. Arnold rendered distinguished service in the campaign against Burgoyne's advance and at the battle of Saratoga, October 7, he rushed upon the field without orders, and in a series of magnificant charges broke through the British lines and put them to flight. Here Arnold was severely wounded in the leg that had been hurt at Quebec, which disabled him until the spring of 1778. In January congress restored him to his relative rank in the army. June 19 Washington put him in command of Philadelphia, which the British had just evacuated. Here he met and married a Tory lady, Margaret Shippen, celebrated for her beauty, wit and nobility of character. For the next two years he associated much with the Tories, and his views of public affairs were doubtless much influenced thereby. He lived extravagantly, got into debt, and had quarrels with many persons, among them Joseph Reed, president of the executive council of the state, who brought charges against Arnold. These were investigated by a committee of congress, and he was unqualifiedly acquitted. Arnold, considering himself vindicated, resigned his command of Philadelphia. But Reed represented, however, that fresh evidence of the charges against Arnold were forthcoming and obtained another investigation, which was conducted by a courtmartial, which rendered a verdict which agreed in every particular with the finding of the committee of congress; but for two trivial charges proved against him—that once in a hurry he granted a pass in which some due forms were overlooked and for having once used government wagons standing idle to preserve private property for the enemy—it was decided he should receive a reprimand from Washington. The latter deeming Arnold a victim of persecution, couched the reprimand in such terms as made it an eulogy and soon afterward offered Arnold the highest command under himself in the northern army.

But Arnold, smarting under the occurrences given above, allowed himself to enter upon the cause that blackened his name forever. He made up his mind to give the British possession of the Hudson river, which would render the American cause hopeless. He asked and obtained the command of West Point and nothing but the capture of Andre prevented his treason from being successful. He fled to the British at New York, receiving a brigadier general's commission in the British army, and a paltry sum of money. He went to England in 1782, and his last days were embittered by remorse.

CHARLES MARTEL

Kindly give a brief biography of Charles Martel.—S. T., Hoyt, Kansas.

Charles Martel, king of the Franks, was born about 689 A. D.; died October 22, 741. He was a son of Pepin Heristal, (mayor of the palace under the last kings of the Merovingian dynasty.) His father had governed under the weak kings with so much justice, and so much to the satisfaction of the people, that he was enabled to make his office hereditary in his family. Chilperic II., king of the Franks, refusing to acknowledge Charles Martel as mayor of the palace, the latter deposed him, and set Clothaire IV. in his place. After the death of Clothaire, he restored Chilperic, and subseqeuntly placed Thierri on the throne.

JULIUS CAESAR

I would like to have a biography of Julius Caesar published.—J. S., Vanlue, Ohio.

Jupilus Caesar, the Roman general, statesman and historian, was born July 10, 100 B. C., and died at Rome, March 15, 44 B. C. He displayed extraordinary talents from his boyhood. He had a penetrating intellect and a remarkably strong memory. Pliny said that he was able to read, write, hear and dictate at the same time from four to seven letters. As the occupation of most of the people of those times was warfare, Caesar devoted the greater part of his life to this art. He was a good general. When he was not fighting he was planning how he could get control of the government without having to divide the honors with others. For a time, however, he divided this honor with Pompey and others. Finally he and Pompey quarreled, with the result that Pompey's army retreated to Egypt, where their general was murdered. Caesar buried the great Roman with honor. When Caesar returned to Rome he granted an amnesty to the followers of Pompey, which act gained him the universal love of the people. As Pompey was no more and no other person was popular enough with the people, Caesar became the head of the government. He declined the crown offered by Mark Antony, which made him more poplar with the people. He resolved to subdue the Parthians, and his friends gave out that according to the Sibylline books, this could only be done by a king, and therefore proposed that Caesar should retain the title of dictator in regard to Italy, but should be saluted with that of king in all the conquered countries. To settle this a meeting of the senate was called on the ides of March. This was the day fixed by conspirators for the assassination of Caesar. Brutus and Cassius were foremost among the conspirators, both of whom had received favors from Caesar. It was arranged that Tillius Cimber should entreat a pardon for his brother ,and when doing so was to tear the mantle from Caesar's shoulders as a signal for the rest to rush upon him. This plan was successful and Caesar fell at the foot of Pompey's statue pierced with 23 wounds. He died in the 56th year of his age, the victim of jealous men. The men who murdered him were not patriotic, but envious of Caesar's popularity. Thus died Caesar, said by some to be the foremost man of all this world, a statesman, a general, an orator, an historian, an architect and an engineer.

MISCELLANEOUS

F. W. H., Liberty, Tenn.—Hhe Question Bureau is unable to give you a biography of Bell Boyd.

D. W., Stanford, Ind.—Sound travels through the air at the rate of 1,092 feet per second.

E. I., Winona, Ohio.—During the Civil War men between the ages of 18 and 45 were subject to drafting.

C. E. C., Barnes Corners, N. Y.—Fort MacHenry, Maryland, a United States military post, was bombarded by the British in 1814. Francis Scott Key was detained on board the British ships.

C. C. C., Martinsburg, W. Va.—A biography of General Custer was published in issue of August 28, 1913.

W. C. H., Randolph, Pa.—We have no references giving information concerning a state called Franklin being founded in the seventeenth century.

Big Dividend.

Baltimore American.

"Did you ever realize anything on that investment?"

"Oh, yes."

"What did you realize on it?"

"What a fool I had been."

The Crowded Mayflower

On the occasion of the unveiling of the memorial to the Pilgrim Fathers at Southampton the London Daily Express published a curious editorial. The Express evidently considers descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers as numerous as members of the original Florodora sextet and Titanic survivors who left by the last boat.

The paper says:

"We would not for all the worlds, old and new, speak with disrespect of the Mayflower or of her precious human freight. She gave to history many honored names. She founded America. She did more—she gave to the United States of today the proudest and most numerous aristocracy on earth.

"When William the Conqueror landed on our south coast he brought with him a galaxy of Norman knighthood. We are not allowed to forget it. So many of our forbears came over with the conqueror. But they are at best an insignificant company by comparison with those whose ancestors sailed with the Mayflower. William must have come in a mere cockle shell with half a company of chivalry.

"The Mayflower must have been the direct progenitor of the Imperator. This was clearly no little ship such as credulous history believes in, but a mammoth liner. Of course, the Mayflower did make more than one transatlantic voyage, carrying her human cargo of the fuller-blooded Byleses and Wedgwoods and Outhwaites of her troublous times. But mathematical accuracy compels the assertion that on counting up the numbers of persons in America whose families 'was commen over mit der Mayflower,' the good ship clearly had stateroom accommodation for 5,000 souls on each journey, even when allowance is made for those originators of the present aristocracy in the United States who took passage as stewards and cabin boys. That, however, is no bar to a profound veneration of the Mayflower's mission.

"But if only the Mayflower could set sail again, taking Josiah Wedgegood and Sir William Byles and Mr. Outhwaite and Keir Hardie and Arnold Lupton and Mrs. Pankhurst and Lloyd-George's brother to found an innumerable aristocracy in the far interior of Somaliland."

DROPSY Short breath, swelling, relieved in a day or two, often entirely removed in 10 to 20 days. Write for Free Treatment and Book.
DR. FRANKLIN MILES, Box 603, ELKHART, IND.

Just See Your Pimples Flee

After You Have Used Stuart's Calcium Wafers and Rid Your Blood of All Its Impurities.

The abolishing of all skin disorders must begin with the blood. Lotions, salves, cosmetics, etc., will do no material good. The trouble comes from within, and there the remedy must be applied.

If you really desire quick action and at the same time a common sense, natural, harmless blood purifier, then Stuart's Calcium Wafers is this remedy.

'After Using Stuart's Calcium Wafers My Pimples Went Away Like Magic."

The correct and best blood purifier known to science is—Calcium Sulphide. This great cleanser is contained in proper quantities in Stuart's Calcium Wafers and that is why all blood troubles and skin blemishes rapidly disappear after their use.

An unsightful and pimply face due to impure blood is one of the most disgusting sights one can see, and yet all about us, upon the streets, in the theatre, when traveling, etc., we see these horrible results.

There is no need for this condition if you will take Stuart's Calcium Wafers daily and keep all salves, lotions, cosmetics and other harmful preparations from clogging the pores.

Every first-class druggist in the country carries Stuart's Calcium Wafers, which are pleasant to take, harmless, and may be obtained for 50 cents a box.

THE BABINESS OF THE CHRISTMAS BABE

A Little Study in the Reality of the Holy Night, by a Traveler Who Knows the Life of the Holy Land

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

THE AMERICAN MOTHER who has just received into her arms her new-born babe knows more about the nativity than the person who has studied all the great dogmas of Europe's art galleries, churches and palaces.

There was no nimbus about the head of the manger Babe. The large, lusty Child, swathed in light as in a garment, whom the masters loved to paint as dominating the manger scene, while Mary sat looking pensively and adoringly on, is far different from the tiny, helpless infant, which parents today know—so small, so feeble of cry, so heedless of all the world. Yet Mary's Son was as the sons of all other mothers.

Only a prospective mother in like case can understand the anxiety of Mary as, on the back of a humble donkey, which, because of the conditions, Joseph did not dare urge to speed, she looked with straining eyes toward the little village of flat-roofed houses on the hillside to which the inexorable Roman census decree had summoned the family in this critical hour. The five miles that lay between Jerusalem and Bethlehem seemed the longest. The reverent Galileans had probably passed by the Holy City without tarrying, so insistent was the need for their reaching the town of their forefathers on that December afternoon.

Joseph, with all of a man's realized helplessness at such an hour, could only stride at the head of the donkey, keeping the beast to the smoothest road and its best walking pace. Ever and anon he would turn to his young wife, she of the drawn face and tender eyes, now full of wonder and foreboding, and inquire as to her comfort. The Nazareth carpenter is a magnificent background to the nativity scene.

Being only a working man, in a time when the artisan had to stand aside for even the common Roman soldier, Joseph found himself at a sore disadvantage when the town was reached. The habit of subordination was ingrained in his nature. He was used to giving way before grandees of all grades. That was, and still is, the way of the orient. So, when Joseph and Mary found the homes of their distant kinsfolk crowded—and we may be sure that there was many a compassionate womanly word of sympathy spoken for the young Nazareth girl in her sore plight—they were easily rebuffed from the khan, or inn. After all, it was only a little inn in a hillside village. Every room had long since been taken by persons who had a right to consideration.

Had Joseph been somebody, instead of a common carpenter, he would have been accorded room, even though a sojourner of lesser estate be turned out. On Christmas day, two years ago, I was in Sevrek, midway between the Mediterranean and the Tigris, and my military escort had borne ahead of me, to the local governor, a letter from the sublime porte. Therefore the governor insisted that the best quarters the town possessed were for me; and he would have turned out the occupant of the finest room in the new khan, if I had allowed it. Joseph and Mary bore no official letters; they were only common people; so, with few words, they were informed that there was no room for them in the inn.

To understand the Christmas story at all, one must get some proper conception of that inn. We in America think of inns in terms of city hotels, and of stables as separate buildings. Neither type applied to Bethlehem. There the inn, or khan, was a series of rooms about a courtyard, with only one common entrance to all. Built on a hillside, it followed the usual custom of digging into the limestone for the inner rooms of one side, which were thus really caves.

These innermost apartments, or caves, were used for the horses and donkeys. The sheep, which Christmas art loves to depict, were not there, nor yet were the cows or camels. The noisy, bad-managed camels rested in the courtyard, with their loads beside them. But the riding animals were led through one of the living apartments, back to the stables, where, commonly the drivers and horsemen shared their quarters. On the cold December nights—for however pleasant the day, the winter nights are cold in Syria—the warmth of the horses made this apartment far from undesirable.

The hardship of lodging with the animals in the inn has been exaggerated. The plain people of the east have always lived close to their dumb animals. Life is simple with them; and while Joseph probably owned no animal, he had doubtless often slept side by side with the patient donkey or the faithful horse. Therefore he hailed it as a privilege to be coveted when, denied lodging in one of the guest rooms of the khan, he won, by the universal spirit of comradeship among the working people, the privilege of sharing the cave-stable of the animals and their servants.

None too soon was this haven secured. For quickly the word passed quietly around, hushing the rude speech of the stable, that this fair young wife of the silent man from Nazareth had come to her hour. We, who look back upon that scene from the standpoint of modern obstetrical science, and from the lavish preparations which love and luxury make for the expected advent of a babe, can with difficulty grasp the utter primitiveness and simplicity of that greatest birth. No trained nurse was there, and no doctor. Of antiseptic dressings there were none. The elaborate multiplicity of little garments for the expected stranger was lacking. A swaddling cloth, ready by Mary's forethought, was all the layette this Baby knew.

For the mother, in her suffering, a bed of straw was made ready in a corner, beside a rock-hewn manger. Joseph's cloak, or camel's hair abeyah, was her only covering. We may be sure that some woman, perhaps the inkeeper's wife, perhaps a visiting stranger, answered the appeal of Mary's need, an appeal which has never been made in vain to woman heart. Tradition is silent as to this nameless friend of mother Mary. She should be the patron saint of all that long line of friendly neighbor women who have helped women in travail, women who had no other claim upon them than the deep bond of a common motherhood. At this Christmas we have a thought for that first earthly friend of the Bethlehem Babe.

When the first faint cry of the new-born Infant rose above the munching and rustling of the weary beasts, the horsemen, off at their side of the room, exchanged simple greetings of relief that the girl's ordeal was over; and then to Joseph they gave the orient's congratulations that the Baby was a son. To them the event meant nothing out of the ordinary. Babies had often before been born in stables, and, like this one, laid in the convenient manger as a first cradle.

The present Child was just such a frail, soft infant as is every day being born all over the world. Humanity is never more alike than when in the cradle. Then the races all have the same pink color. The delicate baby hands, scarcely larger than a man's thumb, with fingernails so curiously finished and long; the wrinkled forehead, as if too early concerned with this world's cares; the dainty ears, so small, so artfully curved, so lovely, that the mind searches nature in vain for an adequate simile—all these, with the Christ Child, were like every other babe that has made the time of its birth a holy night to some mother. As today, the mother saw more beauty in her child than had ever graced infant before. Who can plumb the depths of the thoughts of this maiden mother, with her knowledge of all the wonders that had prepared the way of her Son?

Nor were those wonders at an end. Out on the neighboring hillside, huddling around a little fire with their cloaks drawn over their heads and close around their bodies, a little group of shepherds stolidly endured the cold, with that capacity for standing hardship which is the mark of the manhood of the out-of-doors workman everywhere. They kept watch over their flocks, against marauding man and beast.

Half numb with the cold, half unconscious with sleepiness, they could scarcely credit the light of the celestial glory which burst upon them, or the sound of the heavenly host that greeted them with the first Christmas music. The people of the inn thought the birth commonplace; heaven knew its significance, and burst its immemorial silence. The skies could not contain the joy of heaven over earth's greatest event. Thus the shepherds were sent hastening to the village with the greatest news mankind had ever heard, their flocks forgotten in this marvelous happening.

When they arrived at the khan with their incredible story, they found only the drowsy beasts, their attendants, now asleep, and Mary and the Babe, with Joseph standing ward. Probably the helpful neighbor had returned to her own family. The Child the shepherds saw was only such a wee morsel of humanity as they had welcomed into their own homes. Even despite their angelic commission, they had hardly the insight to perceive in this Babe the Saviour-King proclaimed by the heavenly host. The three Persian philosophers—but they were to come later, by weeks or months, after Mother and Child had been made welcome in a Bethlehem home, as the gospel clearly shows—might see the kingliness of the Infant; but the shepherds could only wonder and adore, and then go forth to spread their tale,

Art and theology have conspired to rob the world of the reality of this Christ Child. Men accentuate His difference from others; God stressed His likeness to all mankind. Theologians talk about the divinity of Jesus; God bent all His power to exalting the humanity of Jesus. If Christmas means anything at all, it means the perfect human embodiment of the Deity. Whatever shuts the Infant in the manger off from mankind is apart from the purpose of the Incarnation.

The marvel and meaning of this day of days — this day, which, with its message, is subduing the whole world to a new sense of the divinity and brotherliness of man—is that highest heaven has given of its best to lowest earth; God has made His home with man; the love of the Father has been embodied in the person of the Son, who came to earth, born in fellowship with the humblest, to exalt all our living; to glorify the cradle, to magnify motherhood, to stand with the toiler; to teach men mercy to the brute creation; to break the old barriers which set men over men and men against men; and to bring to pass a kingdom whose supreme law is love.

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Preached Holy War to Labor

The sentencing of Mr. James Larkin (commonly called Jim Larkin) to seven months' imprisonment on an indictment charging him with sedition and with inciting to riot, and, more especially, his release, have led to extraordinary excitement in the labor world of Great Britain. Concerning this new power out of Ireland, a London Times correspondent wrote the other day: "What manner of man is this James Larkin? He has fascinated many people who have come face to face with him—people who are idealists, and poets, and lovers, and followers of the high ideals and the heroic. . . . There is an extraordinary mutability in Irish affairs. . . . Mr. Larkin first appeared some three or four years ago. Today his name is in every man's mouth. He is the Will and the Fate to the multitude. A year ago . . . a Dublin editor of an adventurous mind, going home in the small hours of the morning, took the way that led through a slum. There was a lit window—someone ill, evidently—and across the panes was scratched in chalk or paint, 'God bless Jim Larkin.' 'There's something more in Larkin than we know,' said the editor." Larkin was born in Liverpool, of Irish parents, some forty years ago. Now, his fighting career has added a word to the language—"Larkinism."

After his release, Larkin took the "fiery cross" to England and preached a general strike. The English labor unions, while giving him great attention and respect, refused absolutely to follow his suggestion. The result has been disastrous—to Larkin. For it has caused his followers in Dublin to doubt the wisdom of his tactics.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, December 15.

SENATE—Senator Burton introduced six amendments to the currency bill. Senator Perkins introduced a bill for a $3,000,000 navy dry dock in San Francisco Bay. Senator Swanson introduced a bill providing for a $20,000,000 appropriation in connection with the construction of good roads. Senator Hitchcock, arising to a question of personal privilege, had certain portions of a speech of Senator Owen expunged from the permanent record. Senator John Sharp Williams objected to a suggested agreement intended to curtail debate. Senator Reed made an extended speech in defense of the administration bill, and in reply to Senator Root's speech of Saturday. Speeches on the pending bill were made by Senators Works, Smith of South Carolina, Williams and Owen.

HOUSE—Representative Harrison of Mississippi introduced a bill proposing an international conference to abolish gambling in food and agricultural products on exchanges. Contest for the seat of Representative Dyer of Missouri, Republican, and charges made against Representative Whaley of South Carolina were considered by elections committee. Representative Stevens of New Hampshire introduced a bill to give the interstate commerce commission full control of all questions of safety on railroads, and conferring drastic powers. Bill to increase pay of rural mail carriers after July 1, 1914, to a maximum of $1,350 a year for standard routes introduced by Representative Cullop of Indiana. Representative Moore, of Pennsylvania, in a joint resolution, proposed the creation of a commission to report a plan to revise navigation laws. Representative Moss of West Virginia introduced a joint resolution directing the secretary of war to report on advisability of establishing wireless telegraph stations along the Ohio river. Voted down a bill to authorize experiments in carrying mail by aeroplanes.

Tuesday, December 16.

SENATE—Senator Root denied that he was a candidate for the Presidency, and said he could neither accept a nomination nor would he take the office. Senator Root continued his attacks on the administration currency bill, reiterating his charge that it abounded in opportunity for inflation. Speeches were made in favor of the guaranty of national bank deposits by Senators Bristow and Williams and against by Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts. Senator Owen defended the measure against the attacks of Senator Root. By a vote of 35 to 32 the senate rejected Senator Hitchcock's amendment to increase the membership of the federal reserve board to nine. Senator Newlands spoke at length in the afternoon in advocacy of the bill.

HOUSE—General debate was begun on the District appropriation bill, and Representatives Crisp, Sisson, Prouty and Johnson attacked the half-and-half principle. Representative George introduced a bill calling for annual assessments of real and personal property and a full valuation for taxation purposes in the District. President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, was before the judiciary committee. The elections committee dismissed the election contest against Representative R. S. Whaley, of South Carolina. The labor committee reported in favor of a federal bureau of safety. President Atkinson, of the National Grangers, told the rural credits committee that farmers are opposed to co-operative agricultural credits. A resolution was adopted authorizing expert assistance for the judiciary committee for anti-trust work. Representative Gillette, of Massachusetts, attacked President Wilson's civil service policy, and drew a reply from Representative Fitzgerald, of New York.

Wednesday, December 17.

SENATE—Passed joint resolution granting the widow of Col. Gaillard a year's pay, $14,000. Agreement reached to vote on the currency bill during the legislative day of Friday. All amendments presented by Senator Hitchcock, representing the Republican section of the committee, were voted down.

HOUSE—Secretary Bryan before foreign affairs committee advocated purchase of embassy buildings at Tokyo, Mexico City and Berne. Representative Roberts, of Massachusetts, urged interstate commerce committee to report his bill to require all steel cars on railroads within four years. W. L. Gazzam and James L. Gbson, of Seattle, declared requirements of La Follette's seaman's bill physically impossible on Puget Sound vessels, at merchant and marine committee hearing. Judiciary committee heard delegation of American Bar Association in advocacy of removal of technicalities in judicial procedure. Postponed further consideration of Alaskan railroad bill until next Wednesday.

Thursday, December 18.

SENATE—Resumed debate on currency bill.

HOUSE—Debated District of Columbia appropriation bill. Colorado and Michigan miners' unions sent telegraphic appeals to the rules committee for congressional investigation of the strikes in those states.

Friday, December 19.

SENATE—Continued debate on the currency bill with the expectation of passing it before adjournment tonight. Senator Chamberlain introduced a bill to prevent discrimination against the uniform of the United States and prohibit its misuse.

HOUSE—Representative Chandler, of New York, addressed the foreign affairs committee on the treatment of Jews in Roumania. Judiciary committee heard arguments on bill for an interstate trade commission. Roads committee appointed sub-committee of five members to agree upon a general good roads bill. Secretary Garrison endorsed before the military committee a bill to prohibit discrimination against army, navy and marine uniforms. Constitutional amendment for six year terms for representatives in congress, subject to the recall, proposed in a bill by Representative Kent, of California.

Saturday, December 20.

SENATE—Conferees on the currency bill prepared to meet representatives of the house. Adjourned to Monday.

HOUSE—Took up the administration currency bill to appoint conferees to work with the senate managers to compose disputed points. Rep. Taylor of Colorado, introduced bill to establish 10 mine experiment stations to be located in the discretion of the secretary of the interior, Secretary Garrison testified before house appropriations sub-committee on fortifications in advocacy of his estimates for fortification work. War department asked for urgent deficiency appropriation of $2,250,000 for unskilled labor on the Panama canal.

Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

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"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking in defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ear, where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

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Sight Lost by Tobacco

Other Awful Effects of Tobacco Habit.

One of the most frequent and serious effects of excessive tobacco smoking and chewing is the gradual failing of eyesight; often followed by total blindness. Other terrible results include cancer, neurasthenia, insomnia, loss of vitality, brain softening and insanity. These consequences of smoking or chewing are well known to the foremost medical men of all countries.

Tobacco is often allied with consumption, blood poisoning, stomach and bowel ailments, piles, kidney and liver diseases, heart failure, rheumatism, nervous breakdown, melancholia, skin ailments and other dreaded disorders.

Why continue poisoning yourself? Write for free book and proofs that will convince you about quick, safe, easy, gentle method of getting rid of tobacco habit. Edward J. Woods, 534 Sixth Ave., H-490, New York, N. Y., will promptly send his interesting book on tobacco habit free to whoever writes him. If you would like calm nerves, good eyes, better memory, better health, cheerfulness and true contentment, read this grateful-ous book and you are likely to soon be saying it is worth its weight in gold to you.

TO TAKE PHONE AND TELEGRAPH

Postmaster General Burleson Advocates Government Ownership.

Washington, Dec. 18.—Postmaster General Burleson's declaration for the principle of government ownership of telegraphs and telephones, as outlined in his annual report just made public, undoubtedly will be followed by a Democratic caucus in the house in January which will decide how far the project is to be made an administration policy in congress.

President Wilson has been giving the project careful study and, administration supporters say, has not pressed it upon congress at this time because of the enormous expense involved. A preliminary move will be congressional authorization to the postmaster general to make a report of the feasibility of acquiring the lines for a government monopoly.

Representative Lewis, who was foremost among the congressional leaders who worked out the parcel post, had prepared a bill on the new subject, but will give way to an administration measure backed by Chairman Moon, of the house postoffice committee.

Service Self Supporting.

A sweeping declaration in favor of the principle of government ownership of telephone and telegraph lines and an assertion that the postal service now is self-supporting, for the first time since 1833, and that parcel post rates can be further lowered and the system extended, are features of the annual report of Postmaster General Burleson, transmitted to Congress.

Concerning the acquisition of telephone and telegraph lines, Postmaster General Burleson says that the government has demonstrated its capacity to conduct public utilities, and, from his present information, he is inclined clearly to the taking over by the postoffice department of the telegraph lines and, possibly, also, of the telephone lines.

It Is Monopolistic.

"The monopolistic nature of the telegraph business makes it of vital importance to the people that it be conducted by unselfish interests, and this can be accomplished only through government ownership," says the postmaster general.

"Every argument in favor of the government ownership of telegraph lines may be advanced with equal logic and force in favor of the government of telephone lines."

In a statement of the financial operations of the department, the postmaster general says:

"It is gratifying to report that the total expenses of maintaining the postal service for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1913, is found to be exceeded by the revenues for the same period; that there is an actual surplus of $1,241,806.78; and that the postal service is now for the first time since 1883 self-supporting."

To Allow Indemnities.

Legislation is suggested to give the postoffice department jurisdiction over erection of the sites for postoffice buildings and to allow $2,000 indemnity for accidental death of any employe or for death within one year as the result of injuries sustained in the service.

Authority to spend $50,000 on an experimental aerial mail service is asked.

Other recommendations are:

To provide for transfers of postoffice clerks to the railway mail service.

To make postal money orders payable at any money order office.

To remove the limitation on the amount of postal savings deposits with the provisio that interest shall not be paid on more than $1,000.

The report indicates that the growth of the parcel post business has been phenomenal. "The experience gained in the operation of the system under revised rates and weights has shown that a further reduction of rates and increase of weight limit is justified," says the postmaster general.

SHIFT CRUISERS AT MEXICO

Navy Orders Changes Among American Warships.

Washington, Dec. 18. — Several changes among American warships in Mexican waters were ordered today. The gunboat Wheeling will go from Tampico to New Orleans, so her crew may have shore leave. The cruiser New Orleans has been ordered from the Puget Sound yard to relieve the cruiser Maryland at Topolobampo. The battleships Connecticut and Kansas, detained at Guantanamo, Cuba, upon their return from the Mediterranean cruise, because of smallpox on the Ohio, probably will proceed to Vera Cruz within a day or two, to relieve the New Hampshire and Louisiana, which will sail north.

Meanwhile the battleship Michigan will remain on duty in the gulf until relieved by the Ohio, which has been ordered to Charleston, S. C., for fumigation.

Reports from Rear Admiral Fletcher, telling of the restoration of order at Tampico, came to the navy department, which gave out this statement:

"Wiring from the Tacoma at Tampico, 10 p. m. Wednesday, Admiral Fletcher advises that quiet continues in the city. A northern is blowing. He reports that the German steamer Bremen has sailed for Vera Cruz. The Hamburg-American steamer Bolivia is remaining there."

GREAT SINGER ASKS DIVORCE

Mme. Schumann-Heink Charges Rapp With Desertion.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Suit for divorce was filed here today by Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the singer, against her husband, William Rapp. Desertion is the charge. They were married here in May, 1905, and the contralto since has made Chicago her residence. Rapp deserted her two years ago, she alleges. They had no children.

Temperamental and family difficulties are said to have estranged the Rapps. Mme. Schumann-Heink had eight children by her two former marriages. That she would seek a divorce from Rapp has been known for some time to her friends.

Rapp is said to be in New York. He is a lawyer, 40 years old, and a man of means. His father was editor-in-chief of the Chicago Staats Zeitung when he died about six years ago.

Fourteen schools have been established by the Russian ministry of agriculture for the training of instructors in the peasant industries.

Major General Who Is Sent to Islands

Gen. BARRY

WOOD WILL SUCCEED BARRY

Chief of Staff Is to Be Assigned to Eastern Department.

Washington, Dec. 19.—Secretary Garrison announced today that when Major General Leonard Wood leaves the office of chief of staff next April, he will be assigned to command the eastern department with headquarters at Governor's Island, New York, succeeding Major General Thomas H. Barry, who will go to the Philippines.

Secretary Garrison made no announcement as to General Wood's successor as chief of staff.

Important changes in the commands of high ranking officers of the army are announced at the war department. Major General Barry goes to the Phillippine department in March to relieve Major General J. Franklin Bell, who will return to the United States in May.

Major General William H. Carter, commanding the second division, now in camp in Texas, goes to the Hawaiian department to relieve Brigadier General Fred Funston, who in April will return for asignment to a brigade command.

ROOSEVELT AND CHILEAN IN TILT

Spokesman for Government Calls Monroe Doctrine Obsolete.

Washington, Dec. 22.—Members of the diplomatic corps, especially representatives from South American countries, were greatly interested in a report reaching Washington yesterday that former President Roosevelt and Dr. Marcial Martinez, at one time Chilean minister to the United States, had clashed in Santiago, Chile, on account of the divergent views on the Monroe doctrine.

The Chilean is reported to have strongly dissented from the Roosevelt view that the much discussed doctrine is still a vital issue.

The reported debate attracted unusual interest here because both of the prepared speeches were reviewed before delivery by the Chilean foreign office.

Dr. Martinez, it was said last night at the Chilean legation, was selected as the spokesman of the Chilean government at the state reception given the American visitor recently at the University of Santiago because of his warm friendship for the United States. He is one of the oldest and most eminent Chilean diplomatists, and made many lasting friendships during his residence as minister here many years ago.

Roosevelt Angered.

In his address at the Roosevelt reception Dr. Martinez dealt with the Monroe doctrine, characterizing it as a dead issue and arguing that the conditions which gave rise to its promulgation by President Monroe in 1823 have almost entirely disappeared. This statement is said to have aroused the ire of Colonel Roosevelt, who replied with some heat, holding that the Monroe doctrine still was a vital principle of the foreign policy of the United States. He is said, too, to have suggested to the Chilean diplomatist, incidentally, that it was ill-advised on such an occasion to inaugurate a controversy. Then Colonel Roosevelt, according to report, stated that before leaving the United States the texts of the addresses he proposed to deliver in Brazil, Argentina and Chile had been submitted to the diplomatic representatives of those nations in Washington, to avoid inclusion of anything that might prove offensive to his hosts.

Approved by Government.

To this Dr. Martinez is said to have replied that his own address had been submitted to the Chilean foreign offices three days before Colonel Roosevelt's arrival, and that as no objection had been raised in that quarter he could see no reason why the discussion of the Monroe doctrine should be avoided as a dangerous issue.

Nothing official has reached the Chilean legation here concerning any phase of what diplomatists are inclined to consider a delicate situation.

MOTHER WOULD SELL FILLING IN TEETH

Pontiac, Mich., Dec. 18.—A woman appeared in a local dentist's office today and asked him to dig the gold out of her teeth and buy it that she might be able to purchase food and fuel until "better times promised the first of the year." In her prosperous days the same dentist had filled her teeth. Her husband, however, "lost his job," and the mother of several children determined to sacrifice the fillings. Her name is kept secret by the dentist.

NOT SURPRISED AT PHONE SURRENDER

Financial Men Expected Telephone and Telegraph Reorganization.

New York, Dec. 20.—The information from Washington that the American Telephone and Telegraph Co. had agreed to give up its interests in the Western Union and to effect a reorganization to conform with the recommendations of the federal authorities, was no surprise to financial men, though unexpected at this time.

The telegraph and telephone combination has been under almost continuous attack since it was effected in 1909, through the purchase of the large Goud, Sage and Morosini holdings of Western Union stock by the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., in which the various Bell telephone interests had been consolidated. Ever since that time the telephone combination has been under investigation by the department of justice. It has been constantly assailed by Clarence H. Mackay because of the disadvantage the Postal Telegraph Cable Co. was placed in through its alleged lack of the telephone facilities of its rival, the Western Union.

Independent telephone interests, finding it arduous to compete with local Bell companies because the trunk lines of the combination were closed to them, complained bitterly. Members of congress from time to time have proposed investigations or urged the department of justice to act on general principles.

Finally, in the last few weeks began a movement for government ownership of telephone and telegraph lines. Representative Lewis, of Maryland, who initiated this move, which was indorsed by Postmaster General Burleson in his annual report just published, recognized the importance of the through lines and proposed that they be acquired by the government.

Many Complaints.

In the course of the fight carried on by the Postal company and the independent telephone companies there have been numerous law suits and complaints to public service commissions, the Interstate Commerce Commission and the department of justice. A suit under the Sherman law charging discrimination against the independents on the Pacific coast is now in the federal courts, and hearings in connection with it have recently been held in this city.

Financial men said today that the separation of the company into its parts would not be a great difficulty because of their distinct organization. The difficulty would be, however, in devising an equitable plan for distribution of the securities.

The department of justice no longer will permit a distribution of stock of the subsidiaries to the stockholders of the main company pro rata as in the tobacco and Standard Oil cases. The supreme court in the Union Pacific dissolution went on record against this.

Wickersham Not Pleased.

Ex-Attorney General George W. Wickersham, when he heard the news, said: "I can't say I am pleased, because I think it will be an economic mistake. I see no reason why telephone and telegraph companies should not be conducted as one concern.

"However the action of the Wilson administration in bringing about this voluntary dissolution is not a new policy. When I was attorney general there were a number of such dissolutions brought about by the efforts of Mr. Taft and myself."

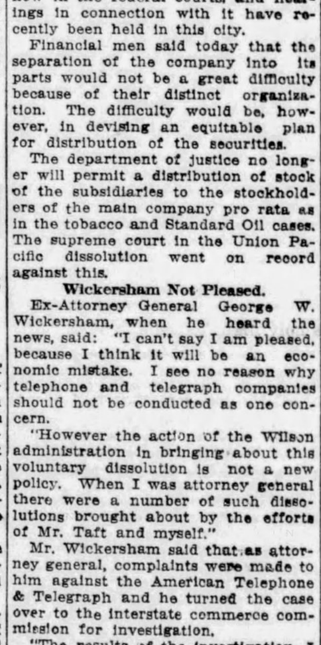
Mr. Wickersham said that as attorney general, complaints were made to him against the American Telephone & Telegraph and he turned the case over to the interstate commerce commission for investigation.

"The results of the investigation, I dare say," he said, "have brought about the dissolution by consent."

Jacob M. Dickinson, counsel for the government in the Steel Trust cases, said that the news interested him exceedingly, but that he could not give an opinion on account of his connection with the Steel litigation.

George D. Ward, vice president of the Mackay companies, when told the news said: "This is exactly what the Postal Telegraph Co. has been contending for four years. We have contended that there was discrimination against us on the part of the telephone company and that this discrimination would continue as long as the interests remained united."

Captured $10,000 for Writing Prize Novel



Miss LEONA DALRYMPLE

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Miss Leona Dalrymple, of Passaic, N. J., won the $10,000 prize for the best novel written for a Chicago publishing house. Miss Dalrymple is engaged and says she will use some of the prize money in fitting up her home when she gets married. She has written a few other novels, but is almost entirely unknown as a writer. She is said to have laid the scene of her prize novel in the south, but to have written it entirely from imagination.

BIG BUSINESS TO OBEY LAW

Coporations to Reorganize in Conformity With Sherman Law.

Washington, Dec. 22. — President Wilson let it be known today that some other corporations besides the American Telephone & Telegraph Co. had shown a disposition to take the initiative in reorganizations to conform to the Sherman anti-trust law.

The President did not specify what corporations he referred to, though in informal discussion with callers today he spoke of having some in mind. He reiterated that there seemed to be a very general disposition to inquire what the law was, to know what would be expected of "big business" and a desire to comply with the spirit of the law.

Won't Raise Barriers.

Mr. Wilson made it clear to his callers that it would be the policy of the administration to co-operate in every way it legitimately could to bring about a satisfactory understanding of the law by the business men of the country and that the executive departments did not want to raise barriers at those who wanted to obey the law. The President pointed out that the attorney general would co-operate and heartily desired and welcomed the impulse on the part of business to take the initiative.

The President indicated in his manner of discussion that he hoped the government had shown by example in the American Telephone and Telegraph settlement what might be expected as the future course of his administration.

To Read Special Message.

He has been conferring with congressional leaders on the anti-trust subject and will read a special message to congress after he returns from his vacation, in which he will point to the necessity of a rigid enforcement of the Sherman law and will endeavor to make clear the interpretation of that statute which the department of justice will follow.

When the President signs the currency bill he probably will accompany his signature with some sort of a statement on the trust question. A note of confidence that the business men of the country will co-operate with the government in securing a compliance with the Sherman law is expected to be sounded in the President's remarks. He will indicate the manner in which the administration will approach the subject, express his realization of the delicacy of the task and the necessity for cautious and careful treatment of it because of its intimate relation to the business conditions of the country.

NO FRANCE FOR M'COMBS

Says Place Costs $150,000, and He Can't Afford It.

New York, Dec. 18.—William F. McCombs, chairman of the Democratic national committee, gave his reasons today for declining appointment as ambassador to France.

"The post entails the expenditure of about $150,000 a year," he said. "It pays $17,500. I could not afford to accept it. I am going back to the practice of law, and I hope to make some money."

Mr. McCombs testified today as an expert in a suit brought by Judge Lafetra against the city to raise $10,000 fees for services in revising the building code.

PANTS SCARE AWAY A COW

Too Much for Beast So Farmer Wears Wife's Skirts.

Winsted, Conn., Dec. 19.—Misses Jennie and Alice Case and their mother conduct a dairy farm in North Canton and do all the work, even the milking.

Frank Stoddard bought a cow of them. It was dark when he led the cow home. Next morning when Stoddard went out to milk, his new cow stared at him, bolted, cleared a stone wall and disappeared.

Stoddard recalled that the Case sisters had milked the cow for years and that man never had worked on the Case farm. He dressed up in his wife's clothes and started after the unruly animal which, at sight of the petticoats, became docile.

A GHOST STORY

By Alice Hegan Rice.

Reprinted from the Holiday Supplement to the Quarterly Child Labor Bureau, December, 1913.

It was Christmas Eve and the snow was coming down in the most proper and conventional way. The little Georgia town did not usually celebrate in such an orthodox fashion, but this year was a glorious exception.

Mr. Brent Worthington rose from his desk in the office of his big cotton mill, and went to the window, smiling complacently. In fact, he had been rather well pleased with himself and the world generally ever since his arrival from New York the day before.

For ten years now he had made this flying trip south during the holidays to have a look at his plant, and to hear a full report of the year's business. It was always more or less a bore to leave his luxurious home on the Hudson for a week in hot Pullman cars, and in small, badly-kept southern hotels, but this year the annoyance was doubled by the fact that Christmas day would find him away from his family.

A storm of protest had followed his decision to come. His wife had argued, and his four youngsters had implored, but with Worthington, business was business, and nothing was allowed to interfere. And, after all, he had his compensation.

All day he had been attending meetings, reading statistics and hearing reports, and the result amazed him. Since his active and effective efforts to defeat the child labor bill at the last session of the legislature, a new superintendent had been installed who reduced the pay-roll almost by a third. In fact, during the past decade, the business had actually trebled!

As he stood at the window, his eyes swept with satisfaction the group of well-kept mills surrounded by well-kept grounds. At the right was a hospital and at the left a night-school, equipped for the employes at his own expense. Let the sentimentalists who were raising such an out-cry against manufacturers come and have a look for themselves!

What a miracle the past ten years had wrought in his fortunes! As he looked out through the gathering dusk he could see himself as he was when he first came to Georgia. Practically penniless, without friends or influence, but possessed of a shrewd, Phoenix-like quality that made him rise from each business failure, wiser, shrewder, more confident for the next venture. Step by step he had risen at first, then by bounds. A fortunate marriage with the woman of his heart had brought him capital with which to experiment, and by that time his experiments were based on wisdom and experience. He not only became chief owner of the Georgia mill, but a promoter of vast financial projects in the east as well. His name was already among the best known of the younger men in Wall Street.

Still smiling, he looked at his watch. It was yet two hours before his dinner engagement with his partner, so he decided instead of returning to the hotel at once, he would write some letters home.

Snapping on the electric light, he sat down at the roll-top desk and was soon absorbed in covering sheet after sheet of paper with his small, precise handwriting. The mill and all about it was soon forgotten. He was back in his home on the Hudson, in the loving environment of his family. Every familiar detail of the great living room was present to him; the mellow light from shaded lamps and flaring logs; the soft rich tones of the hangings; the glints of brass and bronze; all the warmth and glow and harmony of a well-ordered home. He could imagine his tall, fair-haired wife with baby Elsie clinging to her skirts, moving about hanging the stockings, while Bob and Kitty sat on the hearth-rug, making holly wreaths, their faces rosy with anticipation, and little Billy romped and tumbled under everybody's feet.

Mr. Worthington at last gathered up the scattered pages of his letter, and moved into a big, comfortable chair before the fire to read over what he had written. Darkness had enveloped the world outside, and the big mill was very still and deserted save for the rising wind that whistled plaintively around the sharp corners of the big, bleak building.

Suddenly, as Mr. Worthington sat there just outside the circle of light from the green-shaded hanging bulb, he became conscious of a curious phenomenon. A strange stir was becoming manifest in the mill below, the muffled whirr of machinery was heard, and a sort of subdued activity was making itself felt. He rose unsteadily and went to the door. Everything was still and yet not still, he heard things in the silence as one sometimes sees things in the dark. Greatly puzzled, he tip-toed to the stairway and looked down.

Hurrying through the passage below were troops of shadowy children, with old, anxious faces, each apparently bent on an important errand, and each hurrying, breathless, to accomplish it. Some were ragged and dirty, all were shivering. On and on they came, some short and stunted, some tall and aenemic, some wearing spectacles, some on crutches, all eager and anxious.

Worthington came cautiously down the steps and spoke to one of the girls:

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

"We've come back," she whispered without looking up. "We always have to come back on Christmas Eve."

"What for?"

"I dunno. Factory laws I reckon. All the children that ever has worked here, whether they are dead or growed up has to come back on Christmas Eve. I must go on now 'er I'll git docked."

"But wait!" cried Worthington, "I must speak with you."

"I can't wait, mister. The mill starts at half-past five every morning and we got to be there when the wheels start. I keep a-wakin' up all through the night to see if it ain't time to git up. There's the whistle!"

He heard no sound but the soft shuffling of the children's hurrying feet. Slipping unnoticed into the throng he followed the current. Through the weave rooms, and card rooms they went, seeking their old occupations. By far the greater number pushed on to the spinning room, and there fell to work sweeping, doffing, spinning, as if every second counted.

Worthington moved from one group to another, but nobody glanced at him or noticed him. Finally he paused before a very small girl who was rubbing her eyes with the back of her hand.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

She turned a squinting little face up to his. The eye-lids were heavy and inflamed.

"It's me eyes," she said, "they're sick. They don't hurt me none in here where its always kinder dark, but out doors most kills 'em."

"But you've no business being here at all!" protested Worthington, "you're too little."

A sly look came into her wizened face.

"I'm a' orphunt," she said, "a orphunt don't have to be but ten."

"But you aren't ten," urged Worthington, thinking of his own 10-year-old Kitty, half a head taller than the little bent figure before him.

"I kin write me name," she said defiantly, "and I got a affidavit that I'm poverty stricken. Gus Guller's little sister ain't but eight either, and she got in."

Worthington turned away sickened. As he made his way toward the door he seemed to see the figure of a boy bending over a whirring wheel and at the same time snatching bites from a piece of bread he held in his hand.

"Why do you eat now?" he asked irritably, "why don't you wait for your noon hour?"

"What's the diffrunce?" the boy answered sullenly. "The machinery don't stop fer nothin' and I got to watch this here wheel from five-thirty in the mornin' 'til five-thirty in the afternoon. There ain't no time to eat."

"How much do you make?" asked Worthington, watching the hunks of bread that were being bolted at available moments.

"Forty cents a day," said the boy, "but often we can git a extry hour or two at night. I bin on fer two hours a night three times this week!"

"Why don't you go to night school?" Worthington sternly demanded. "That's what I built it for, for boys like you. There's a good gymnasium. Don't any of you boys take advantage of it?"

A cynical smile came into the haggard face.

"Do we look like we need exercise? Time night comes my feet is so swoll I can't git my shoes off. Some nights I jus' leaves 'em on all night. No, we don't none of us use the gymnasium."

A cold blast of air swept through the rooms, and for a moment it seemed to blow all the shadowy forms away, but presently they were back again working harder than ever.

Worthington saw near him a couple of boys better dressed and apparently better fed than the others. To them he turned hopefully.

"You don't find the mill such a very bad place, do you?"

"You betcher we don't!" answered the elder child, a sophisticated lad of 13, with a quid of tobacco in his mouth. "You couldn't git me back to school fer nothin'. I'm makin' 75 a day, and I'm on me own hook. I don't have to answer to nobody. I ain't been home fer a week, go to a picture show ever' night I don't work, and sleep in the back of Griller's saloon. No slate pencils in mine!"

Worthington's heart sank. Something in the boy's bright,, keen eyes reminded him of his Bob, who led his classes in the best prep school in New York state.

"Who are those babies coming through the hall" he asked.

"Them's the Toters. They leave school 'bout 11 to pack the grub to the mills. Onct they gits here they hardly ever gits back. They hang around and some time pick up a job. The boss, he don't mind, it gits 'em stuck on the mill, so's they want to quit school and start to work."

Worthington looked back over the spinning room and through the door into the weave room. Every nook and corner had filled with phantom shapes. Dozens and dozens of children were still pouring in, hurrying to accomplish a given task in a given time. Their backs were bent, their eyes were heavy, and the color was gone from their faces. And this, he thought, was Christmas Eve when even the ghost of a child should be happy!

Something touched his arm. It was not one of the childish wraiths he had been watching, but a flesh-and-blood mortal like himself, a poor old derelict of a woman, with deep-set, hopeless eyes staring out of a gaunt face, and strands of grey hair falling about her shoulders.

"Have you seen them?" she asked wildly.

"Who?"

"My children. They say that all the children that ever has worked in the mills comes back to their work on Christmas eve. I never see mine ner hear 'em, but I comes every year just to be near if they should come."

"How many were there?" asked Worthington.

"Six, sir. I brought 'em here after their father died, 'cause I didn't know no other way. I started in at the mills myself when I was nine, and I never knowed nothin' else. I been workin' here off and on ever since. I can remember when I first started how eager an' willin' I was. I couldn't wait fer the whistles to blow. And now Heaven just seems like a place where there ain't no whistles."

"And the children, were they willing to work here?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Willin' and eager like me, at first. But they got tireder and tireder, 'till they died off, one by one. And now there's just me left, left to go on doing the same thing I been doing 11 hours a day for nearly 40 years, and 90 cents and a broken heart each night to show fer it all. Oh! I want my children, my children!"

Worthington felt a sudden spasm in his throat, and a burning under his lids. At the same moment came the sharp ring of the telephone. Instinctively he put out his hand and it closed on the receiver that stood on his office desk.

"Hello, there!" came the cheery voice of his partner. "I've been trying to locate you. The turkey is getting cold. Aren't you coming to help us celebrate Christmas?"

"Sure," said Worthington, still somewhat dazed. "I'll be there in 20 minutes. But I say, old man, we'll have to cut out the after festivities. You see—I—the truth is a most important matter has just come up at the mill, and I've got to thresh the whole business out with you before I take that midnight train for New York."

SEES VICTORIES FOR SUFFRAGE

Dr. Ann Howard Shaw Is Thankful for Progress of Cause.

New York, Dec. 22.—Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the suffrage leader, declares that the year 1913, in spite of its unlucky number has been the "greatest and luckiest year" in the history of the movement for votes for women.

During the year now drawing to a close, she said yesterday, woman's suffrage had been taken out of the academic stage, and is now in the realm of practical politics. Dr. Shaw told of the triumph in Illinois and the increase of favorable sentiment, the way that men are "coming over to a belief that women ought to vote and the marked attention that politicians are giving us."

Besides winning in Illinois and Alaska this year, she cited the appointment of the senate committee on suffrage as one of the greatest victories ever won for the cause. She saw much to encourage suffrage workers because of the action of President Wilson in recommending a house committee on suffrage.

For 1914 Dr. Shaw has mapped out campaigns in Nevada, North Dakota, South Dakota and Montana where the legislattures have passed suffrage amendments to the state constitutions that will be submitted to the voters for approval.

"There is just as much work to be done in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Iowa, Wisconsin and Michigan," Dr. Shaw said. "The legislatures of these states have passed suffrage bills. The Wisconsin bill was vetoed by Governor McGovern, who afterward offered to reconsider. Wisconsin must be ready for the next governor, and is a campaign state. The Michigan bill was defeated by the voters. The New Jersey bill will have to be introduced over again because it was not properly published. In New York, Pennsylvania and Iowa the legislatures will have to ratify the action of 1913, before the amendments can go to the voters—and we mean that they shall."

THE MARKETS

Toledo, Dec. 22.—Wheat opened lower today, but the usual holiday weakness appeared to effect the market. Cables were unchanged at the opening and in the late afternoon were fractionally lower. Receipts in the northwest were rather liberal for the two days. World's shipments show a decrease of approximately 1,000,000 bushels. Snow was reported in the southwest and precipitation was reported over the remainder of the winter wheat belt. The outlook was for unsettled weather this week. Cash and December wheat opened down ⅛c each to 98⅝c. May was off a like amount to $1.04⅛c.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Dec. 22.	Close Dec. 20.
Wheat—					
Cash	98⅝	98⅝	98½	98⅝	98¾
Dec.	98⅝	98⅝	98½	98⅝	98¾
May	1.04⅛	1.04⅛	1.03⅝	1.04	1.04¼
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	69¼	70⅜
Dec.	70¼	70¼	69¼	70	70⅜
May	70⅞	70⅞	70½	70⅝	71⅛
July	70⅜	....	....	70⅜	71
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	42	41⅝
Dec.	41⅝	41⅝	41¼	41	41⅛
May	44⅝	44⅝	44⅓	44⅛	44⅝
July	43¼	....	....	43⅛	43⅜
Clover Seed—					
Prime	9.32½	9.35	9.32½	9.32½@9.35	9.25
Dec.	9.37½	9.72	9.37½	9.52½	9.25
Jan.	9.40	9.77½	9.40	9.57½	9.27½
Feb.	9.42½	9.82½	8.42½	9.60	9.30
March	9.42½	9.82½	9.42½	9.60	9.30
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	65	65
Alsike—					
Prime	11.10	....	....	11.00	11.05
Dec.	11.10	....	....	11.00	11.05
March	11.15	....	....	11.05	11.15
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.52½	2.52½
Dec.	2.52½	....	....	2.55	2.52½
Feb.	2.65	....	....	2.67½	2.65
March	2.67½	....	....	2.67½	2.67½

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	88¼	88¼	87⅝	87⅛	88
May	91⅛	91¼	90⅝	91	91¼
July	87⅛	87⅛	87⅛	87⅝	88
Corn—					
Dec.	69¾	69¾	68¼	69	69⅝
May	69½	69½	69	69¼	69⅝
July	68⅞	68⅞	68¼	68⅝	69
Oats—					
Dec.	39¼	39¼	39	39¼	39¾
May	41⅜	41⅜	41⅛	41⅜	41⅝
July	41	41	40⅞	40⅞	41⅛

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan.	....	....	....	20.55	20.52
May	20.85	20.87	20.80	20.82	20.75
Lard—					
Jan.	10.65	10.70	10.65	10.65	10.65
May	11.02	11.05	10.97	11.00	11.00
Ribs—					
Jan.	10.80	10.82	10.77	10.77	10.77
May	11.10	11.10	11.07	11.07	11.05

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	83¾	84
May	....	....	....	87⅞	87⅞

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Dec.	....	....	....	83½	83⅞
May	....	....	....	87¾	87⅞

Cotton.

New York, Dec. 22.—Cotton futures opened easy: December, 12.15c; January, 11.85c; March, 12.12c; May, 12.11c; July, 12.10c; October, 11.40c.

There was a renewal of Saturday's selling movement at the opening of the cotton market this morning. Liverpool just about met the American weakness of late last week, and the influence of the bearish ginning was reflected in heavy over-Sunday selling orders. The opening was easy at a decline of 7 to 10 points with January contracts selling at 11.82c or 118 points below the recent high level. There was heavy realising by recent sellers at the decline while there was also a good deal of foreign and prices became steadier shortly after the call with active months selling back to within a point or two of Saturday's close.

After the close of Liverpool had shut out arbitrage buying the market weakened again, selling about 6 to 10 points net lower with May and July breaking through the opening prices. This reflected continued liquidation and seemed to include selling by some of the early buyers. Prices at midday were 2 or 3 points of the lowest.

There was heavy local and southern liquidation on the early afternoon in the break which sent prices 15 to 17 points lower. Rallies of 5 or 6 points followed on covering and business became somewhat active around 2 o'clock.

Cotton futures closed steady: December, 12.06c; January, 11.76c; March, 12.02c; May, 11.99c; July, 12.03c. Spot quiet; middling, 12.50c; gulf, 12.75c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Butter steady; creamery, 22@35¼@26c. Eggs—Receipts, 4,610 cases; at mark, cases included, 28@29½c; ordinary firsts, 26@31c; firsts, 31½c. Cheese steady; dairies, 15¾@16c; twins, 15¼@15¾c; Americas, 15¾@16c; long horns, 15¾@16c. Potatoes lower; receipts, 40 cars; Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin red, 50@55c; do. white, 55@58c. Poultry, alive, higher; springs, 13c; fowls, 13c; turkeys, 18c; dressed, 22c. Eggs higher.

New York Produce.

New York, Dec. 22.—Raw sugar unsettled; Muscovado, 2.76@2.75c; centrifugal, 3.20@3.23c; molasses, 2.45@2.48c; refined easy, unchanged to 10 points lower; cut loaf, 5.30c; crushed, 5.20c; mould A, 4.85c; cubes, 4.40c; XXXX powdered, 4.30c; powdered, 4.25c; fine granulated, 4.15c; diamond A, 4.15c; confectioners' A, 4.05c; No. 1, 4.05c. Flour dull; spring patents, $4.45@4.60; winter straights, $4.15@4.25; winter patents, $4.40@4.65; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; extra No. 1 winter, $3.55@3.75; extra No. 2 winter, $3.35@3.50; Kansas straights, $4.05@4.15. Bearish world's shipments liberal northwest receipts and snow southwest caused a moderate decline in wheat this morning. May 97 13-16@97 15-16c. Pork steady; mess, $22.25@23.75; family, $24.50@37.00; short clears, $20.25@22.00. Beef steady; mess, $18.00@18.50; family, $19.00@20.00. Lard steady; middle west, $10.70@10.80. Petroleum steady; refined New York bulk, 5.25; bbls., $8.75; cases, $11.25. Molasses steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 25@55c. Hay dull; standard, $1.00; No. 1, $1.02½@1.05; No. 2, 90@95c; No. 3, 80@85c. Hides steady; Bogota, 25¼@30½c; Central America, 29½c. Leather steady; hemlock firsts, 29@30c; seconds, 28@29c.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Dec. 22.—Hogs—Receipts, 24,000; strong; bulk of sales, $7.90@7.75; light, $7.35@7.75; mixed, $7.45@7.85; heavy, $7.45@7.85; rough, $7.45@7.55; pigs, $6.25@7.65. Cattle—Receipts, 17,000; steady; beeves, $6.70@9.80; Texas steers, $6.70@7.75; stockers and feeders, $5.00@7.50; cows and heifers, $3.35@8.50; calves, $7.00@10.50. Sheep—Receipts, 20,000; higher; native sheep, $4.40@5.65; yearlings, $5.50@6.65; lambs, native, $6.40@7.90.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Dec. 22.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,800; market higher; heavy steers, $8.50@8.90; fat steers, $7.75@8.45; fair steers, $6.00@8.50; choice heifers, $7.00@7.75; fat cows, $6.00@7.00; fair cows, $3.25@4.50; butcher bulls, $7.00@7.50; milch cows, $40@90. Hogs—Receipts, 12,000; market higher; all grades, $7.75@8.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 7,000; market higher; prime wethers, $5.25; choice lambs, $8.15. Calves keys, 18c; dressed, 22c. Eggs higher.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 22.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,800; prime steers, $8.50@8.60; shipping, $7.75@8.25; butchers, $7.00@8.15; cows, $3.65@7.00; bulls, $5.00@7.00; heifers, $6.00@7.75; stock heifers, $5.00@5.75; stockers and feeders, $5.50@7.00; fresh cows and springers, $35.00@90.00. Veals—Receipts, 600; $8.00@12.00. Hogs—Receipts, 16,00; heavy and mixed, $8.00; Yorkers and pigs, $8.00@8.10; rough, $7.20@7.35; stags, $6.00@6.75; dairies, $7.90@8.00. Sheep—Receipts, 15,00; lambs, $5.50@8.25; yearlings, $4.50@6.75; wethers, $4.75@5.00; ewes, $3.00@4.50; sheep, mixed, $4.50@4.75.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Dec. 22.—Cattle—Receipts, 600; market 15 to 25 cents higher. Veal calves—Receipts, 400; market steady. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,800; sheep, steady; lambs, 25c higher; choice spring lambs, $7.75@8.00. Hogs—Receipts, 6,000; market 15c higher; heavies, mediums, Yorkers, light Yorkers and pigs, $7.90; roughs, $7.00; stags, $6.50.

LIVERPOOL COTTON

Liverpool, Dec. 22.—Cotton—Spot, quiet; prices easier; middling fair, 7.48d; good middling, 7.14d; middling, 6.92d; low middling, 6.68d; good ordinary, 6.02d; ordinary, 5.68d. Sales, 7,000 bales, including 6,500 American and 500 for speculation and export. Receipts, 32,000, including 30,000 American. Futures closed steady, Dec., 6.55d; Dec. and Jan., 6.56½d; Jan. and Feb., 6.62½d; Feb. and March, 6.64d; March and April, 6.66d; April and May, 6.65½d; May and June, 6.65d; June and July, 6.62½d; July and Aug., 6.59½d; Aug. and Sept., 6.45d; Sept. and Oct., 6.30½d; Oct. and Nov., 6.21d.

LONDON MONEY

London, Dec. 22.—Money was in good demand and discount rates were steady today. The stock market was irregular and uncertain owing to fears of unfavorable financial developments in Mexico. Consols advanced a quarter of a point on government purchases and gave a cheerful tone to other British securities, but they eased off in the afternoon. Rubber and Kaffir shares were steady, but the Paris specialties and Mexican issues relapsed on continental selling. Canadian Pacific being a weak feature.

American securities opened steady and unchanged. Free offerings of Canadian Pacific depressed the list during the forenoon, but later the market aw s steadier on New York support and closed well over the lowest.

CONVULSIONS

Convulsions, nervous failing spells and spasms promptly relieved by my special treatment. Testimonials on file from cases afflicted since childhood, in which my remedies were successful. Enclose this in your letter for Free Trial Bottle. I pay expressage. Give age and full particulars. Dr. F. Harvey Roof, Dept. 936 Station N, New York, N. Y.

QUICK RELIEF FOR **ASTHMA** Enough of my New ASTHMA Powder to last in average case about 3 months for $1.00. Sent by Parcel Post. FRANK WHETZEL, M. D. Dept. S, Whetzel Bldg., 326 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago.

Relief For Rupture Without Operation

CURRENCY BILL PASSES SENATE

Bristow Opens Heavy Fire on Measure Before Passage.

Washington, Dec. 23.—The conference report on the administration currency bill was approved by the senate today by a vote of 43 to 25. As both houses had already approved it there remained only the signature of the vice president and speaker to complete the measure for President Wilson's signature.

Three Republicans and Senator Poindexter, Progressive, joined the Democrats voting for the bill in its final form.

The Republicans were Senators Jones, Norris and Weeks. The passage of the report was greeted with little demonstration.

Washington, Dec. 23.—When the senate debate on the currency bill today began under the agreement to vote by 2:30 this afternoon, Senator Bristow, one of the Republicans of the banking committee who had been denied admittance to the deliberations of the Democrat conferees, led off with an attack, saying he proposed to express his opinions where they would get into the permanent record.

The agreement placing the secretary of the treasury, secretary of agriculture and comptroller of the currency on the committee to organize the new system, he declared, was a move to bring the whole system under political control. Arrangements for debate provided that Senators Bristow, Nelson and other Republicans who oppose the conference agreement, would have about three hours to talk.

Senator Bristow declared he believed Senator Owen had excluded him from the conference for fear he would join some of the Democrats against Owen's "pet measures."

"It was done because he knew he would not control my vote," cried Mr. Bristow, "as he could not control the votes of some of his Democratic colleagues, in the interests of certain great banking interests that have had a hand throughout in framing this bill. The senator from Oklahoma has accepted the most offensive provisions of the Aldrich bill and has covered them with a mask to deceive the people."

Senator Owen declared Senator Bristow had been excluded from the deliberations of the Democrats because they did not want their conference to "become a debating society."

"In Interest of Banks."

"My allegation is that this bill has been drawn in the interests of the banks," continued Senator Bristow, "that the senator from Oklahoma is largely interested in banking; that the profits derived from this system by the banks he is interested in will add directly to his personal fortune and that he had voted to increase from 5 per cent to 6 per cent dividends paid by the new regional banks on the stock held by member banks."

Bristow's attack was based on a rule of Jefferson's manual of parliamentary practice that a senator should not vote on legislation in which he was directly interested. Bristow read a newspaper clipping that purported to quote Senator Owen as saying he had taken stock in a new national bank to be organized in St. Louis.

Mr. Owen retorted that Bristow's charges were "false and ridiculous."

Senator Owen said that 24 years ago he had helped to organize a "little bank in Oklahoma," that he still owned stock in the bank, and "will own it until I die."

"The allegations that my action on this bill were influenced by the ownership of stock in that little bank are ridiculous," he said, "more than that, they are false and the senator knows they are false."

Mr. Bristow wound up by taking a fling at the recent dissolution of the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

Senator Williams, Democrat, declaring the Republicans were crying against the same sort of procedure they had always exercised when in power illustrated his point with a story of a negro woman, who had decried automobiles until she got a ride in one and then admonished the driver.

"Jedge, jest run right over dat man, he ain't got no business out in front of our car."

"That's the way I feel about you Republicans," said he.

MAKING OF AN HEIRLOOM

This Tariff Bill Will Be Preserved by Simmons Family.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Senator Simmons, of North Carolina, who successfully piloted the Democratic tariff bill through the senate, will be presented this week with an autographed and handsomely bound copy of the new tariff law. The bill contains autographed notes of appreciation from President Wilson, Vice President Marshall and Speaker Clark, in addition to autograph signatures of all members of the senate.

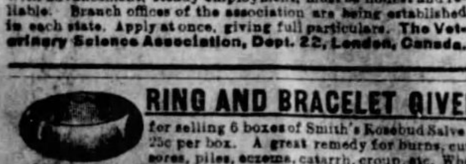
COMET IS COMING NORTH

Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 23.—Observations of the Delevan comet received at the Harvard observatory from Cordoba, Argentine, and from the naval observatory at Washington indicate that the celestial visitor is increasing in brilliancy and can now be seen through a small telescope.

The comet has a northerly movement of six minutes and 15 seconds a day. If it continues to increase in brightness it may prove an interesting spectacle in the southern heavens this winter.

Farmers Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office; $60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 22, London, Canada.

RING AND BRACELET GIVEN for selling 6 boxes of Smith's Rosebud Salve at 25c per box. A great remedy for burns, cuts, sores, piles, eczema, catarrh, croup, etc. When sold return the $1.50 and we will promptly forward this beautiful gold laid bracelet and the gold filled wedding ring, or choice from our large premium catalogue. SEND NO MONEY, we trust you. ROSEBUD PERFUME CO. Box 277, Woodsboro, Md.



HOW THEY VOTED

The senators who voted for the Owen bill were:

Democrats—Ashurst, Bacon, Bankhead, Bryan, Chamberlain, Chilton, Clarke, Fletcher, Gore, Hitchcock, Hollis, Hughes, James, Johnson, Kern, Lane, Lea, Lewis, Martin, Martine, Myers, Newlands, O'Gorman, Overman, Owen, Pittman, Pomerene, Ransdell, Reed, Robinson, Saulsbury, Shafroth, Sheppard, Shields, Shovely, Simmons, Smith of Arizona; Smith of Georgia; Smith of Maryland; Smith of South Carolina; Swanson, Thomas, Thompson, Tillman, Vardman, Walsh and Williams—47.

Republicans—Crawford, Jones, Perkins, Norris, Sterling and Weeks—6.

Progressive—Poindexter.

Those who voted against the bill were:

Republicans—Borah, Bradley, Brady, Brandegee, Bristow, Burton, Catron, Clapp, Colt, Cummins, Dillingham, Du Pont, Gallinger, Goff, Gronna, Jackson, Kenyon, La Follette, Lippitt, McCumber, McLean, Nelson, Oliver, Page, Penrose, Root, Sherman, Smith of Michigan; Smoot, Sutherland, Stephenson, Townsend, Warren and Works—34.

Absent and paired—Burleigh, Clark, (Wyoming); Culberson, Fall, Lodge, Stone, Thornton.

Vacancy—Alabama.

WHAT SENATE HAS DONE TO THE CURRENCY BILL

By J. A. Mathews.

Washington, Dec. 19.—The currency bill, as agreed to in the senate today, is believed by many senators to be an improvement over the house bill. These improvements were the work of the Democratic majority in caucus. Not an amendment was on the floor of the senate that did not have the approval of the caucus.

It is, therefore, a Democratic measure and an administration measure. The important changes made by the senate may be summarized as follows:

The removal of the comptroller of the currency and secretary of agriculture from the federal reserve board and from the organization committee.

The use of six months' agricultural paper for rediscount.

The insurance of deposits and, later, the extension of this provision to safeguard the depositors of state banks and trust companies, as well as of national banks.

The increase of the gold reserve from 33 1-3 to 40 per cent, reducing the possibility of inflation and imposing a tax on depletion.

The reduction of the number of regional banks from twelve to a possible minimum of eight.

The guarantee of equal and impartial treatment to all member banks in the matter of rediscount privileges.

The opening of subscription lists to the public in the event banks do not subscribe the necessary capital.

The power of the federal board to remove all regional reserve directors, instead of the three banker directors only.

The lengthening to 24 months of the period in which banks may transfer their reserves from 14 months.

The redemption of federal reserve notes in gold only at the United States treasury in place of gold or lawful money.

The permission given to national banks to make five-year farm loans instead of for one year only.

The provision to keep intact the redemption fund in the treasury, this concession being made to a demand that the five per cent redemption fund be increased owing to the fact that it has been constantly overdrawn for 12 years.

The issuance of one-year three per cent government notes to refund outstanding two per cent bonds.

Each of these concessions strengthens the bill and a large part of them add materially to the value of the measure to the west. Owing to the fight made for these changes, a fight made in the face of bitter opposition, the currency bill is now national in scope, whereas it was distinctly a sectional measure when it passed the house.

The placing of the appointment of subordinate employes of the federal reserve board under the control of members of the board regardless of the civil service.

Making the secretary of the treasury, his assistants and the comptroller of the currency and members of the federal reserve board ineligible for any employment or office with a member bank of the reserve association for two years after leaving the government service.

MAY LOSE ITS FINE NAME

Avenue of the Presidents Is Sixteenth Street.

Washington, Dec. 23.—The Avenue of the Presidents, the fashionable boulevard that extends from the White House northward into the suburbs, will cease to exist by that name, if the senate follows the action of the house which has just voted to restore the old name of Sixteenth street. The more classic name was bestowed a couple of years ago as the result of a movement on the part of the well known residents on that street who urged that it should have a distinctive name like the Unter Den Linden in Berlin and the other prominent boulevards of foreign capitals.

WILL OPERATE ON ALFONSO

London, Dec. 23.—A writer in a society weekly claims to have unquestionable authority for saying in regard to King Alfonso's recent visit to Vienna to consult throat and ear specialists that the situation is this:

King Alfonso's father died of tuberculosis at the age of 28. The present king was born a few months afterwards, and lately the same disease has been diagnosed in him. The root of the affection lies at the top of the nose and a grave operation is considered absolutely necessary, although King Alfonso never looked better than he does at present.

The Viennese experts decided that the only way is to remove the malignant tissue, and the consensus of medical opinion is that the young king will pull through.

NEWSPAPER IS SUSPENDED

Mexico City, Dec. 23.—La Nacion, the daily newspaper published in the interests of the Catholic party, suspended publication today at the suggestion of the Mexican government.

SHORTAGE MARKS 1913 WINE CROP

Rainy Weather and Insects Combine to Reduce Quantity of Production.

The critical judge of fine wines, the man on the water wagon and the middle of the road grape juice lover will receive with different emotions the news that rainy weather which prevailed in Europe in the late summer, together with a pest of insects, greatly harmed the grape crop and brought gloom to the wine makers.

With the single exception of Italy the European vintage of 1913, on which depends the prosperity of millions (France alone having no fewer than 1,500,000 owners of vineyards) and the joy of countless wine drinkers throughout the world, will be short in quantity and will lack quality.

In France the grape harvest is estimated at two-thirds of last year's crop; in Germany the yield was decreased in various districts from a half to as low as one-quarter of the average. Portugal, Spain and Austria-Hungary suffered too, but Italy was favored more than any other European wine raising country. Her yield of wine this year will be 1,280,000,000 gallons, against 970,000,000 in 1912, 938,000,000 in 1911 and 644,000,000 in 1910.

Joy Seekers Need Not Worry.

In these days of high cost living even the item of wines counts, but the joy seeker along the Great White Way need not worry about the partial failure of the European vintage of 1913 as far as increased prices are concerned, as no part of it will bubble in his glass for several years to come. The European champagnes of 1906 did not begin to be consumed until this year.

According to the opinion expressed by W. & A. Gilbey, of London, in their survey of the vintage of 1913, the vintages of 1911, 1906 aod 1904 are the only high class champagnes that now exist in quantity and are consequently extremely high in price.' Still the world has California wines to fall back on, with grape juice becoming more popular as the administration continues. And so why should New Yorkers worry?

There are more than 4,000,000 acres of grapes under cultivation in France, the survey says, and the average annual production of wine is 1,000,000,000 gallons, valued at $250,000,000. The rains and the bugs of 1913 therefore mean a loss of $80,000,000 to the Frenchmen.

In the matter of champagne there will be no more than 2,200,000 gallons in France this year, compared with 5,600,000 gallons last year and 2,800,000 in 1911. The belief is expressed that the quality of the wine can scarcely prove to be above mediocrity and promises to be dear at that.

The Bordeaux district fared somewhat better than most of the grape raising districts in France, but it is doubtful whether the quality of its clarets can justify the high speculative prices which have been paid for them. The survey says that claret still holds the pride of place among the natural red wines, and fortunately the demand from Germany and other parts of the world for the finer growths is steadily increasing.

Germany had a most disappointing year with her hock and Moselle, but, excepting 1911, it is long since the Fatherland has had a bountiful crop of grapes, although it has had a few fine quality vintages.

Portugal started off the season swimmingly and there was every reason to expect a large production of port wines, but the unsettled weather prevented a full development of the grapes, and they did not show much sweetness, with the result that the wines are deficient in both body and color. The dismay of the grape raiser was complete when torrential rains fell for 48 hours just before the grape harvest and the yield was further reduced one-quarter.

Sherry Uniformly Excellent.

The alcoholic strength of sherry in the Jerez district of Andalusia, Spain, is said to be satisfactory and uniformly excellent, but the yield is much below that of last year. The growers in Spain and other European wine growing countries have been much disturbed over the cost of casks due to a scarcity of wood suitable for cooperage.

In Austria-Hungary there was a sunless and damp summer and the quantity of Madeira will be much below the production of last year. In 1912 1,865,000 gallons of wine were produced, of which only 602,000 gallons were shipped, which indicates that the home folks there know a good thing when they see it.

Reports from Australia indicate that the new wines show a distinct improvement in quality and quantity. There are 24,579 acres of grapes under cultivation in Victoria alone and the wine made this year aggregates 1,206,111 gallons, or 322,691 gallons more than last year. There was an increase in the vintage of south Australia of 20 per cent. over 1912.

VEGETABLES ARE CONDEMNED

Two Thousand Cases Were Under Water at Hamilton.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Two thousand cases of assorted canned vegetables, condemned by the food inspectors of Hamilton, Ohio, on the allegation that they were filthy and decomposed, have been seized by the federal authorities in Chicago, where, according to an announcement of the department of agriculture today, an attempt to offer some of the more presentable for sale for food purposes was planned.

The vegetables seized, the department says, apparently had been under water in the Ohio flood at Hamilton though it is not clear that their condition was caused by the waters. The department further states that the goods had been condemned and that the owners obtained permission to ship them to Chicago on the statement that they were to be sold as "fertilizing material."

At least 225,000 women and girls work in manufacturing establishments in Pennsylvania, 25,000 being under 16 years old.

Their Millions Lost in War

These are the grand-daughters—Urneta and Laghet—of General Luis Terrazas, the richest man in Mexico, whose holdings of 15,000,000 acres of land in the state of Chihuahua have been seized by the rebel chief Villa. Had Mexico remained peaceful after the Medero revolution, these young women would have been among the richest women in the world. Today, provided the proclamation of seizure of General Villa is made permanent, they are virtually penniless.

VILLA TO RESPECT FOREIGN RIGHTS

Rebel Mexican General Is Disposed to Indemnify Losers.

Chihuahua, Mexico, Dec. 19.—General Francisco Villa said today he would be disposed to follow the suggestions of the United States as to the rights of foreigners in Mexico. In conformity with this plan he named a committee to take an inventory of the property of the expelled Spaniards and said he would indemnify such as had not actively supported the Huerta government.

General Villa had received through the American consul representatives which expressed the position of the United States in assuming moral responsibility for the welfare of the citizens of other nations which called upon General Villa for a strict accounting of his acts, should the rights of any foreigners be violated.

Holds Pending Inquiry.

A communication also has been received from General Carranza, the head of the revolution, following protests of Spaniards that their property had been seized and the protests of other foreigners that they had been forced to pay money to the rebel cause.

"I ordered all property belonging to Spaniards be confiscated and held pending an investigation as to who of the Spaniards aided Huerta," said Villa. "In order to guarantee the property while it is in our hands I have named honorable and responsible persons to take an inventory of it.

"It was necessary to expel the Spaniards because their lives were in danger here and it was necessary to impose a penalty of death in order that they would go.

Started With Diaz.

"It is well known that in the uprising in Mexico City last February hundreds of Spaniards in the Ciudad sided with Felix Diaz and with Americans co-operated in the uprising which enabled Huerta to bring so much suffering to Mexicans. When I attacked Torreon, Spaniards again fired on us on the pretext that they were guarding their own interests. In Chihuahua the majority of Spaniards were Huerta sympathizers. When I entered the city I resolved upon their expulsion because their lives were in danger from the feeling held against them by our army.

"The rights of all other foreigners have and will be protected. Arrests are being made daily of persons suspected of being Huerta sympathizers. They are held pending investigation of their acts."

Mexican General Who Leaves Army in Disgust

ABRAHAM GONZALES.
© By AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Chihuahua, Dec. 17.—Abraham Gonzales, one time governor of this state, has left the federal army in disgust, owing to the weak resistance of Huerta's men. He has left his command and retired to private life. He will probably be ordered to the City of Mexico for trial on charges of insubordination.

REBELS STEAL WEALTH

Property of Rich Mexicans Is Confiscated.

Jaurez, Mex., Dec. 17.—All the property of Luis Terrazas, Sr., Enrique Creel and Juan Creel, including banks, mines, vast areas of lands, thousands of head of cattle, homes and personal effects were ordered confiscated to the rebels in an official decree issued by Gen. Francisco Villa today. Mr. Terrazas, now a refugee in the United States, is one of the richest men in Mexico. His holdings of about two-thirds of the state of Chihuahua is said to place him among the most extensive land holders of the world. The combined estate of the Terrazas and the Creel brothers, his nephews, is valued at many millions of dollars. Enrique Creel was formerly ambassador from Mexico to the United States.

General Villas' decree, issued at Chihuahua City, was sent to Juarez and given out officially. It was intended as a notice that should the revolution succeed neither the Terrazas nor the Creel families will be allowed any indemnity for their losses.

The decree accuses the Creels and the Terrazas families of "withholding taxation and of fomenting the treachery of Orozco and Huerta," and states that the property shall be given to the widows and orphans caused by bloodshed among the Mexicans. All contracts made with the Creels and Terrazas since February 18, 1913, are declared void. Luis Terrazas, Jr., eldest son of the landowner, is held a prisoner at Chihuahua, and the rebels have appropriated to their own use as much of the movable property as they could seize.

Efforts were made by rebel leaders working directly with Gen. Villa today to effect some sort of a settlement in regard to the property of the expelled Spaniards. It was said that a proposal was made to invoice all the property in the Spanish stores and shops and to allow the claims to rest against the rebel government. General Villa replied he was willing to pay for the property in so-called money, which the Spaniards, before their departure, declared to be worthless.

38 MINERS SLAIN IN COAL BLAST

New Colorado Pit Was Equipped With Safety Devices.

New Castle, Col., Dec. 17.—Thirty-eight men were killed in the Vulcan mine of the Rocky Mountain Fuel Co. yesterday by an explosion of coal dust. Two miners were rescued after the underground workings had caught fire. All the victims were married and all but six or eight were Americans.

Men in charge of the rescue work asserted last night that it probably would be a day or two before the bodies could be recovered. Before sundown the mine had been cleared of gas and a thorough exploration of the wrecked workings was made.

Many of the bodies were frightfully mangled and burned. Father J. P. Carrigan, of Glenwood Springs, near here, hurried to New Castle at the first news of the explosion.

The priest rushed into the smoking pit, among the first rescuers in search of the dying to whom he might administer the last rites of the church.

The Vulcan mine was only about a year old and was equipped with modern safety devices. It is believed that the explosion was caused by an accumulation of dust in the west portion of the mine, where work had practically been abandoned. Most of the dead were found in the east workings to which the explosion was communicated.

The employees of the mine were called out on strike this fall by the United Mine Workers of America, but some of them had gone back to work. other victims of the disaster are strike-breakers.

The mine bureau at Denver ordered one of its mine rescue cars from Wyoming to New Castle as soon as notified of the explosion.

Charles S. Meerdink, mine superintendent, with five companions equipped with helmets, at once began an exploration of the workings and rescue parties were rushed here from other mines.

NO BONANZA, SAYS U.S. OF HEN'S NEST

Experts Trace Pedigree of Cold Storage Eggs and Their Cost.

Washington, Dec. 18.—The various items entering into the cost of cold storage eggs from the time farmers in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys got 16 cents a dozen for them last spring until the eggs reached the consumer's kitchen this winter have been figured out for R. W. Joyce, a cold storage investigator of the Department of Justice, by Charles F. Drost, of Drost & Snyder of New York as follows:

Hucksters or freight cost, ½ cent; cases and fillers, ¾ cent; repacking, loss in breakage and overhead charges, ¾ cent; freight and cartage, 2 cents; carrying charges, cold storage (including interest and insurance, six to eight months), 2 cents; jobbers, labor, loss in repacking and overhead charges, 2½ cents, making the eggs cost, without profit to the Western packer and to the Eastern receiver or jobber, 24½ cents a dozen. To this amount Mr. Droste added 1 cent for profit to the packer, 1 cent for the receiver and 3 cents for the jobber. These figures make the price, with normal profits to the wholesaler, 29½ cents a dozen. After giving these figures Mr. Drost said:

"The retailer must average 15 per cent profit to exist. In the flush season of March, April, May and June he scarcely averages 5 per cent. In the winter months he must get from 25 to 30 per cent to strike his average. He makes that on his high priced sales. On the low priced, even in winter, he makes a very meagre profit. The well to do pay him well—if they do pay—and the poor or the sensible buyers can get good values at moderate prices if they are not too proud to be satisfied with something that is not called 'the best.' Really new laid eggs are always short and bring high prices except when all eggs are new laid, as in the flush of April and May.

"Held Fresh" Not to Be Trusted.

"The most unsatisfactory eggs are the 'country held,' held by the farmer, the storekeeper, the country packer. A large percentage is of this class, far in excess in the total aggregate of the much talked of 'cold storage eggs.' These 'held fresh' come to the receiver mixed with new eggs and are more difficult to divide into grades than cold storage eggs.

"The 'rots and spots' and weak eggs are bred mainly in the farmer's cellar or barn, in the country store, in the shippers' little warehouse. When they are found in cold storage it is because they were in this condition before they were stored.

"The spring cost, 16 cents on the farm, has really nothing to do with the value in the winter. That value depends upon conditions then prevailing. If the fall production is large and consumption is small then values go to smash and the 24½ cents cost stock is sold at a loss. A year ago the loss was 5 to 8 cents a dozen. If fall production is light and consumption is large then the 24½ cents cost eggs sell at 25, 26, 27, 28, 29 cents, and higher if the demand continues and if the high prices fail to draw increasing supplies from other centers or the production is nothing.

"We have now the country cost, 16 cents to the farmer, and the city retail price, 33 cents, with normal profits to the handlers. If the retail price is less then the normal profits have to be cut to that extent. If the demand and supply do not sustain these values prices go down and dealers' profits disappear or become losses and the consumer benefits. If the demand outruns the supply the dealers' profits increase and the consumer pays the increase. The farmer's net result remains fixed from the start, as does the profit of the case manufacturer, the huckster, the railroads and all the labor engaged in the transaction."

Sees No Egg Combination.

Mr. Droste says there is no business in which competition is keener, and there is not a vestige of combination anywhere. Every dealer tries to take the business of the other away and the retailer tries to drive his opponent out of business. He declares that the wholesale merchants can rarely show an average gross profit of 5 per cent on sales, including even the years when fortune favors them in speculative ventures, and the small retail grocer who pays his debts is the exception.

MENELIK IS DEAD AGAIN

Many Lived King of Abyssinia Departs Once More.

London, Dec. 17.—A dispatch from Jibuti, Africa, says that Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, died Friday.

King Menelik, who was born in 1844, has been reported dead on several occasions.

Special dispatches from Addis-Abeba last February announced his death and the succession of Prince Lidj Jeassu, one of his grandsons.

RAMPOLLA IS DEAD

Pope Greatly Affected by News of Cardinal.

Rome, Dec. 17.—The death of Cardinal Rampolla, former papal secretary of state, was not made known to Pope Pius X until this morning. Cardinal Merry del Val and Monsignor Giovanni Bressan, the pope's private secretary, went to see his holiness at an early hour intending to break the news as gently as possible. But when the pope heard the name of Cardinal Rampolla coupled with the word "indisposition," he grew pale and begged them to tell him the truth without hesitation, as anxiety and uncertainty affected him more than anything else. The two prelates than told him Rampolla was dead.

As recently as Saturday the pope had received Cardinal Rampolla, who was then apparently in his usual good health and spoke at length about many affairs.

Cardinal Rampolla's death occurred about midnight. He was not known to be ill, but had suffered from attacks of influenza, similar to the ailment which has afflicted the pope. It was Cardinal Rampolla who celebrated the Te Deum at Rome on May 11 in Thanksgiving for the recovery of the pope.

Students working their way through Princeton University earned more than $20,000 during the academic year ended last June.

POISONS GIRL IN CLASPING HANDS

Bible Reading Stranger Escapes as Victim Calls for Help.

Chicago, Dec. 20.—A "needle poisoner" began work in Chicago last night. He picked as a victim a 20-year-old girl studying to be a missionary and wounded her right hand as she said good-bye to the supposed missionary, who carried a Bible and made her acquaintance in the crowded Union passenger station.

He stood near until he saw her fright at the numbness that ran up her hand and arm and spread rapidly to her whole right side, and when he saw her cling for support to a station policeman whom she summoned in fright, he vanished.

She was cared for by a station nurse and by an ambulance surgeon called from the Desplaines street station, then taken home.

The girl is Miss Opal Hummer, a student in the Bethany Bible class of the Church of the Brethren, or Dunkards. Not even the plain garb and cowl-like bonnet worn by women members of that faith could conceal the girl's comeliness.

Cannot Identify Suspect.

By coincidence, Jerry Delaney, a detective, arrested soon after Dr. Marcus H. Lynch, of Templeton, Iowa, in a row with a Greek restaurant keeper and in Dr. Lynch's pockets was found a hypodermic needle.

Miss Hummer, by this time, revived, was taken to the station to see if she could identify the doctor. She said he was not the man.

"I had expected to catch an early train for home," she said. "It had been taken off the schedule and I had to wait. While I waited a man sat opposite me, and read a Bible. Soon he semed to notice my costume and he came over and spoke to me, saying he, too, was studying to be a missionary.

Squeezed Her Hand.

"We talked of religious work and soon he looked at his watch I think and said: 'Well, I must be going. God be with you and bring you success.'

"He squeezed my hand hard and soon afterwards it felt numb. I saw him standing by the door looking at me and I thought at once of the 'needle man' and became frightened. I went to the station policeman."

When Dr. F. F. Miller, of the ambulance service arrived, her eyes were dilated, she was uffering from hysteria, her right side was almost numb and the reflexes on the right side did not respond. She was given a glass of milk and a stimulant and after being in the open air a few minutes revived.

GEM WORTH $300,000

Diamond of 150 Carats Largest in the World.

New York, Dec. 18.—What is said to be the finest known blue white diamond in the world was on exhibition yesterday in a jeweler's show rooms in Fifth avenue. It is worth $300,000 and therefore does not exactly come under the head of sensible Christmas presents, but there is a free thrill for every one who sees the wonderful stone, which is 100 carats heavier than the famous Hope diamond.

The stone was discovered recently in Africa. It weighs 150 carats and is said to be absolutely free from imperfections and to possess unsurpassed color and brilliancy. According to William L. Rich, vice president of Black, Starr & Frost, the wolrd famous diamonds among the crown jewels of Europe, and in private collections, such as the Kohinoor, Orloff, Cullinan, Regent, Star of the South, and other gems in India cannot be compared to this wonderful gem. Mr. Rich said a stone of this excellence never before has been offered to the public—to look at. He added that inspection is invited by all connoisseurs.

This diamond is larger than the world famous Kohinoor and is said to be of finer color and more brilliant. The Cullinan diamond, before it was cut up for the King of England, was a bigger stone, but according to Mr. Rich it was not nearly as fine in quality as this unnamed gem.

Scores of persons went to the show rooms to get a glimpse of the beautiful stone yesterday, and women seemed to stand transfixed before it. One charming young woman whose only ornament was a small brilliant set in an engagement ring, was disappointed because she had not come in an evening gown, so that she could see how the big stone looked as a pendant about her neck.

There were other women who thought it would be an excellent idea if the stone could be borrowed so that they could have their photographs taken with the biggest and purest diamond in the world ornamenting their corsage. Diamonds like this are so rare, however, that it is hardly the custom for jewelers to loan them for such purposes, one of the salesmen explained with a smile.

WEALTHY COUNT KILLS HIS WIFE AND HIS NEPHEW

Gratz, Germany, Dec. 20.—Count Matthias Mielzynski, a millionaire Polish nobleman and member of the German imperial parliament, shot and killed his wife and his nephew early today.

The count, who is residing near here at Castle Dakawymokrz, one of his many country seats, hard sounds in the night which, he thought, were caused by thieves. He seized a rifle and made a search, during which he found his wife and nephew together in her room.

Without a word of warning or explanation, Count Mielzynski shot both dead.

A woman companion of the countess was the only witness of the affair. She also was seriously wounded by one of the bullets. The count promptly notified the public prosecutor of the tragedy.

The count is 44 years old. He was married in 1896 to Countess Felicia Von Potok-Fotocka, who was born in 1875. For some years the couple were separated, but reunited a short time ago.

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Locomotive firemen and brakemen, $80, $140, experience unnecessary. Pay tuition when employed. 797 Railway Bureau, E. St. Louis, Ill.

Railway mail clerk examinations everywhere soon; $75 to $150 monthly; write for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. B-27, Rochester, N. Y.

Men for electric railway motormen and conductors; fine opportunity; about $80 monthly; experience unnecessary; no strikes; state age. Address Box S-170, care Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

HELP WANTED.

Men and Women over 18, get government jobs; $65 to $150 month. Parcel post and income tax mean hundreds of postoffice, railway mail and internal revenue appointments. Write immediately for free list of positions now available. Franklin Institute, Dept. B-31, Rochester, New York.

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Agents—Novelty knives and razors are lightning sellers, 100% profit. Exclusive territory. Goods guaranteed. Novelty Cutlery Co., 138 Bar St., Canton, O.

Agents wanted to sell nursery stock for old reliable firm. Good opportunity. Handsome returns. Experience not necessary. Apply at once. The Michigan Nursery Company, Monroe, Mich.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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This month, 100 No. 3 Oliver visible typewriters at a sensational price. Terms $3 a month—5 days' free trial—completely equipped. Guaranteed same as if regular catalog prices were paid. United States Typewriter Exchange, Dept. 92, Federal Life Bldg., Chicago.

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